

From a dirty crime boy to a hero

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From a dirty crime boy to a hero

by [yeet3ms](#)

Summary

Wilbur wasn't sure what he had expected to happen after he died. Maybe go to some form of hell or heaven. What he certainly hadn't expected, was to wake up in an unfamiliar world that was nothing like any other server he had ever been on. Plus, what the hell was this quirk thing everybody kept talking about?

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After Wilbur dies, he is dropped in the MHA universe, where he now has to try and fit in without getting caught for being a server hopper. Along the way, he figures out what it means to be a hero. Some familiar faces might pop up along the way.

Notes

Hi this is my first ever fic so don't expect anything too great lol
It's mostly an exercise to get out of my writer's block, so updates might be spotty, so apologies in advance.

Note: on 27/02/2024, Shelby came forwards with allegations against Wilbur Soot that I believe are true. It sickens me that a creator I looked up to did these things. This fic, along with any other in the series, will remain abandoned as they already were, but I want to stress I do NOT support Wilbur anymore. These were written before we were informed of the truth. Fuck Wilbur, fuck abusers. As a survivor myself, it sucks to know someone I found comfort in writing about would victimise others in that way.

Boom

The scent of gunpowder still hung in the air, his ears still ringing from the explosion caused by his very hands. Standing near the edge of where the button had once been, Wilbur came face to face with the destruction he had caused. Never before had a crater caused him such a great sense of relief. A laughter so maniacal it almost sounded foreign to even himself came from his throat, his knees giving out from under him. Behind him, he could hear Philza, his own father, express his shock and disgust at the sight in front of him. Turning his head to the man, he couldn't stop the grin from spreading across his lips as his dull brown eyes met Phil's concerned blue ones. He cackled as he rose to his feet, spreading his arms out as he turned to face the crater that was once L'manberg.

"My L'manberg Phil, my unfinished symphony, forever unfinished!" Wilbur cried out in joy. "If I can't have this, no one can!" Was this his only reason for blowing up L'manberg? The selfish idea that it belonged to him, and only him? No, of course not. But, he couldn't deny the satisfaction he got from knowing that he was the one who got to destroy it. Not Schlatt with his smooth talking, not Tommy with his immature ways, not even Dream with his admin powers. No Wilbur Soot, the president-turned-anarchist, was the one to finally give L'manberg the ending it deserved. A nation whose foundation was built on chaos and turmoil deserved to end in the same manner.

There was still one loose end he had to deal with. Opening up his inventory, he pulled out one of the swords Technoblade had given him earlier in the Vault. With a grin, he held the hilt out towards Phil. "Kill me, Phil. I want you to kill me Phil. Stab me with the sword. Murder me now. Kill me- Killza! Killza!" His words delved into manic rambles, pleas for his father to take his life. From the pained expression on Phil's features, Wilbur could tell the man didn't want to do it. As he shoved the sword into the man's hands, their eyes met once again. "I can't- You're my son!" Phil cried out, unshed tears in his eyes. His wings were spread out behind them, the black feathers visibly damaged by the explosion.

"Look- Look Phil! Look at this place! Look at all the work that went into this place and now it's all gone! They all want you to do it! So do it! Kill me!" Wilbur pleaded, desperation making his voice crack. He just wanted to go down with his creation. It was never meant to be. Had he never convinced Tommy to sell drugs with him, had he never gone against Dream's roles on the server, maybe things would have been different. But, it was too late now. He had made his bed, and now it was time for him to lay in it.

He could practically see the cogs in Phil's head turning as he looked between the wasteland below them and himself, his pained expression slowly morphing into a forcefully blank one. It was an expression Wilbur knew the man had practised, one he used on the battlefield to never show his opponents what he was truly feeling. A chuckle fell from the deranged man's lips as he realised the last expression he would ever see on his father's features was the same one thousands had seen before him. And here he thought he was special.

A sharp pain shot through his chest, forcing a painful wheeze out of Wilbur's lungs. He lost his footing, stumbling into his father's arms. His eyes flickered down to his chest, widening a

bit at the amount of red staining his once brown jacket. The diamond sword he had forced into Phil's hands mere minutes ago still had a slight shimmer over it as it stuck out of his chest, though the blood dulled it quite a bit. A calm smile settled on his features as he locked eyes with his father one last time. "Thank you." Was all he could manage to whisper before the world around him turned dark. All he could hear were vague screams in horror as he slowly drifted off, though he swore he could feel a brief wave of warmth come over his forehead.

Wilbur didn't know what he expected to happen after he died. He didn't necessarily believe in things like heaven or hell, though it was a bit hard to believe in hell when the nether quite literally exists. Hell just sounded like the nether but with more people out to get you. He had already had enough experience with people trying to kill him to enjoy the idea of hell. What he didn't quite expect to happen after dying, was to wake up again.

With a gasp, he blinked awake. His eyes squirmed up at the bright sky above him, confusion settling in his mind. Where was he? This wasn't the button room. Even after the explosion, there were still remnants of the roof left over, and as Wilbur slowly allowed his eyes to adjust to the light, he couldn't see a single piece of stone above him. He forced himself up into a sitting position, a rough cough raking through his chest. The more he looked around, the more lost he felt. He seemed to be on a roof of some kind, surrounded by a bunch of buildings that all were around the same height as the building he was on.

The city(?) went on for as far as he could see, which made him assume he had to be in a city of some sort. Had he accidentally server hopped? It wasn't unheard of to end up on the wrong server when first joining, but he had never heard of anybody jumping servers when they died. Then again, he hadn't ever actually encountered anyone who had permanently died on a server before. Sure, he had met people who died in hardcore singleplayer worlds, but those had different rules. Those just sent the user back to the main hub, letting the player choose whether they wanted to be forever stuck as a ghost in their old world, or they could try again in a new world, or a new server.

Servers were different. Every single server had their own rules. Most had infinite respawns, meaning no death was permanent. The server Wilbur had just died on, was different. The Dream SMP had a three-lives rule. After three deaths, it was a perma-death. Due to the server's rather short lifespan so far, Wilbur was the first to actually use up his three lives. His first, when Erret had betrayed them back in the final control room. Their name still left a sour taste in his mouth, even if he had come to see why Erret had done it. He supposed he would be a hypocrite if he was still upset with them about the betrayal when he had quite literally done the exact same thing mere.. Hours? Minutes? Wilbur wasn't sure how long it had been since his final death, ago. His second death had been on Schlatt's orders after the election. He grinded his teeth together as he remembered the goat-hybrids mad cackling, his shoulder aching with phantom pain from where the arrow had pierced it. And then his final death, his *Pièce de résistance*, getting stabbed through the chest by his own father after blowing up his own nation.

He idly brushed his hand over where the sword had once been, no mark left behind from the wound save for a singular blue slash that spread from just above his hand to about the centre of his ribcage. His clothes weren't actually torn up, his coat and shirt still in the exact same shape as they had been before he stepped into the button room. Which wasn't to say they were in a good shape; Spending weeks inside a ravine living off of minimal rations meant his priority was never to fix up the holes in his coat. But, it was fine for the time being. He had bigger fish to fry than his clothes being a bit banged up.

As he rose to his feet, he briefly opened up his inventory. His theory of having server hopped was instantly disproven when he saw that he still had all his old stuff on him. A few potions, some pretty banged up armor and weapons, some food, about two stacks of TNT, and a singular flint and steel. His backup plan, in case the button hadn't worked. After his first failed attempt, he had gotten into the habit of always carrying a spare flint and steel along. Sorting through his items, he tried to come up with an explanation for how he had gotten here. It was pretty obvious he wasn't on the Dream SMP anymore; The buildings were too nice to be on the SMP. The nicest build on the server was Erret's castle, which was pretty ironic considering that very person had been the one to help Dream blow up L'manberg up the first time.

Peering over the edge of the building, he realised he might be farther from home than he had initially thought. The streets were filled with moving things he didn't recognise. The closest thing he could compare them to were minecarts, but even that was a stretch. These things were bulkier, and faster too from what Wilbur could tell. Was he in a modded server? He had heard of those before, but they were rare these days, especially public ones. A frown settled on his features as he scanned the streets for any other clues as to where he could be.

Another thing he noticed was that there were a lot of hybrids around. He was no stranger to hybrids, hell his own son was one after all. The memory of his fox son made his hand brush over the blue slash once again, a painful jab of guilt making his heart feel heavy. Had he made the right choice, leaving his son behind? Some traitorous part of his brain whispered to him that no, he had left his son, his flesh and blood, behind to fend for himself. The more dominant, paranoid part of him screamed that yes, Fundy had decided to turn his back to L'manberg the second he burnt down their flag and tore down the walls. His son had chosen to betray him.

That it had all been some plot to spy on Schlatt in the long run, Wilbur didn't believe. It had been too genuine to be true. He had seen the crazed grin on Fundy's features as he stood on top of the flagpole with a flint and steel, had heard his cackling ring out through the air as he watched the fabric of their flag turn to ash. Thinking back at it, Wilbur couldn't stop the humourless chuckle from escaping his lips as he realised how similar his own laughter had been when he pleaded for Phil to kill him. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, he supposed.

But, the large amount of hybrids freely walking around was interesting. Hybrids weren't rare, on the contrary they were quite common, yet it was rare to see a server with this many hybrids gathered together. The closest thing Wilbur had ever seen to it, was Hypixel, though that server was odd in its own ways. As he observed the crowd, he realised what was so odd about these hybrids; Most weren't actually hybrids. No, most seemed human with some

added attributes, like a man who had knives for fingers. Wilbur had never seen anything like it. Sure, some hybrids looked more human than whatever they were crossed with, but never like this.

An idea popped up in his head, his hands instantly digging through his inventory for his communicator. The little screen was pretty busted up, though that was nothing new. It had gotten badly damaged after the first time L'manberg blew up, and hadn't been the same ever since. Tubbo had tried to fix it on multiple occasions, but nothing seemed to be able to remove the charcoal coloured burns from the screen's edges. His fingers hovered above the chat function for a moment, before he decided what to type.

```
/msg Tommyinnit Where are you?  
Player not found
```

What? Wilbur's eyes widened in surprise, brows knitting together as he retyped the command. Had he made a typo? Again, no player by the name of Tommyinnit was found. The panic of waking up in an unfamiliar place finally started to hit Wilbur as he frantically tried to message his former country members. He tried reaching out to Tubbo, Philza, Technoblade, hell in his desperation he even shot Dream a message, but all his attempts were met with the same, grey message.

```
Player not found
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"Dammit, dammit, where are they?!" His voice cracked as he glared down at the screen hovering a few centimeters away from his hands. If he still had his items on him, it meant he still had to be in the Dream SMP, right? Right? And if he was, that meant the others had to be around here somewhere. With trembling fingers, he typed in the one command he knew that could maybe help him figure out what the hell was going on

```
/list online players
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```
Welcome to My Hero Academia!  
Current online players: Unknown Amount
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He felt his heart sink as he read the server name. "What the fuck is a my hero? What kind of server is that? How did I get here?" He muttered to himself, feeling even more confused than before. Tapping around on his communicator, he realised he couldn't leave the server, nor could he access the global chat. He cursed to himself, turning off his communicator and slipping it back in his pocket. So, he was on a foreign server but had somehow kept his inventory from the Dream SMP, where he had just died for a third time which meant he was now supposed to be permanently dead. He could already feel a headache coming on. None of this made sense.

Midoriya Izuku

Chapter Summary

Wilbur meets a strange boy as he explores this new server

As he felt the weight of the situation settle on his shoulders, his eyes fell on a staircase he hadn't noticed before. He assumed it must be a fire escape of some kind, though why it went all the way up to the roof he didn't know. What he did know was that it was incredibly convenient for him. He slowly started to make his way down the metal stairs, his footsteps sounding a little off though he didn't pay much attention to that. Slipping out of the alley the staircase had led him to, he had no idea where to go. He had nothing, no home to return to, and from the looks of it, this wasn't the kind of server where he could freely build a new one either. Not like he had the materials for it, anyways. He had half a stack of logs, and a lot of tnt. Not ideal building blocks.

He just started to walk, deciding that anywhere would be better than wherever he had just woken up. Nobody paid him much mind, which made sense considering everybody looked a bit odd here. He supposed he wasn't the oddest looking fellow walking around the city. The crowd thinned out the further he went, and soon he ended up in a residential looking area. To his left, was a beach, the gentle sound of waves crashing against the sand making his heart ache for Sally. He shook his head, tearing his gaze away from the glistening water to get a better look at his surroundings.

The buildings were all built in a similar style, almost to a depressing extent in Wilbur's opinion. They all had similar colours, and from what he could tell even used similar materials for decorations and such. Maybe he was so used to the mismatched nature of the SMP that seeing so much uniformity made his skin crawl, or maybe he just craved a bit more originality from buildings. This server was to... tame, for his taste.

After a few more minutes of walking, he slowed down his pace as his eyes landed on a section of the beach that looked wildly different from the rest. Trash was heaped up in large piles, covering the entire area to such an extent that he couldn't even see the sand beneath it anymore. In the middle of the landfill of filth and other crap Wilbur didn't recognise, stood a green haired boy, who seemed to be gathering up the trash. Cocking his head to the side, Wilbur walked a little closer to the scene, his curiosity outweighing his paranoia. His time spying on Schlatt from afar had done wonders for his stealth skills, the boy showing no signs of being aware of his new visitor.

He watched the short teen push against a large metal construction that was about twice the size of himself, Wilbur decided now was the time to step in. "You need some help with that mate?" He drew out, voice still slightly hoarse from inhaling such large amounts of gunpowder during the explosion. The teen practically jumped up in surprise, whipping around to face Wilbur with such speed that he was sure the teen's neck must hurt from it.

“I’m sorry, didn’t mean to scare you.” He chuckled, offering the boy a tired smile. The greenette relaxed a bit, waving off the brunette’s worries. “Oh, no I should have been paying more attention! You don’t have to help. It’s uh, part of my training you see.” The boy spoke fast, which would have been hard to follow had Wilbur not grown up with Tommy and Tubbo.

“Training?” Wilbur questioned. He had seen a lot of different kinds of training in his years, but never had he ever seen somebody use cleaning as a form of bettering their abilities (Technoblade might have, but he was also a special case). The teen perked up at the question, excitedly nodding. “Yeah! I’m trying to get into UA, and this is a good way to build up strength for my quirk!” He said, as if that explained everything. Wilbur only felt more lost as he stared down at the now beaming teen. “What’s a quirk?” He innocently asked, briefly casting a look around the area.

He noticed the kid freezing up in front of him. His dull gaze met the teen’s questioning one, one of his brows quirked up. “You- you don’t know what a quirk is?” The teen asked, sounding almost heartbroken. He reminded him of Tubbo, his voice wavering in the same way Tubbo’s had when Schlatt had announced the exile of Tommy and Wilbur. Shaking off the thought with a shake of his head, Wilbur shrugged. “Let’s just say I’m not from around here.” He tried to play it off, but the look he received from the boy in front of him told him he had made a mistake.

“I- I thought everybody knew what a quirk was by now, this is- uhm... Oh, you’re not from Japan, are you? I think they call it powers in Europe? I’m not sure though.” The teen rambled, catching Wilbur off guard. He was in Japan? “Oh, yeah, powers! Sorry, I just moved.” Wilbur forced a sheepish smile on his lips, decided to play up the lost foreign kid shtick for the time being. “What kind of quirk do you have?” He innocently asked, noting how the boy’s shoulders fell at the question. “I uh, have strength quirk, but I’m a late bloomer. It’s not really... useful yet. Which is why I’m training!” Wilbur knew the kid was lying, the sudden speeding up in his manner of talking being a dead giveaway. “Strength, huh? What’s your name mate?” He asked, deciding not to push the quirk topic.

“My name is Izuku Midoriya! Oh, right you’re not from around here, right? You guys use given names, but we use last names. It’s rude to use a first name.” The teen, Midoriya, explained, which Wilbur was very grateful for. Offending people on his first day on a new server was asking to be killed again, and three times was enough for him thank you very much. “It’s nice to meet you, Midoriya. I’m Wilbur Soot, but you can call me Wilbur. Getting called just Soot would be a bit weird, if you catch my drift.” He chuckled, lazily extending a hand out to the teen, who gently shook his. For a kid with a strength quirk, he sure had a weak grip.

“So, how about I help you out for now, eh? It’s starting to get dark anyways. You shouldn’t stay out here for too long. I’ll help you move this.. Metal hunk of crap, and then we can both go our separate ways, alright?” Wilbur offered, the teen considering it for a moment before nodding. With a bit of effort, they managed to push the object to the edge of the beach, where the sand met the pavement. “We can leave it here, for now.” Midoriya mumbled between

pants, struggling to catch his breath. Wilbur shot him a nod, not even the faintest bit tired. His eyes briefly flickered over to the hungerbar on his right wrist, humming a soft tune to himself. He was barely two bars down, so he was fine for another few hours.

“Is that your quirk?” Midoriya asked, excitement visible in his eyes as he leaned over to get a better look at Wilbur’s wrist. That’s when Wilbur realised that he had to play along or he would be in a lot of shit. How could he explain to this kid that he was technically dead? “Yep, it shows my energy levels, as well as my health.” Wilbur held his wrist out to the teen, showing him the small heart and food bars. As he did so, he also noticed that the hand which he had brushed over his blue slash earlier now was stained with a similar colour of blue, but only on the tips. That was odd. Maybe it had still been wet when he touched it?

“That’s so cool! How does it work? Like, do you feel them lower? Or can you only see it? Does it matter what you eat? Like, does everything refill the bar in the same way-” Midoriya started spouting a series of questions at Wilbur, so fast he could even rival Tommy’s furious insult rambles whenever Wilbur told him no when they were kids. The memory of his younger brother made his heart ache, a flash of seeing Tommy at the bottom of the pit that was once L’manberg, staring up at him with eyes brimming with so many emotions Wilbur couldn’t even bring himself to describe. He zoned out for a moment, only getting drawn back into reality by the teen in front of him starting to furiously apologize for his rambling. Seeing Midoriya act so widely different from Tommy was what made Wilbur come back to reality; Tommy would have never apologized. No, he would have just told him to ‘stop ignoring me, bitchboy!’.

“Ah, I’m sorry I spaced out there for a second. I can’t answer all those questions, cause I’m... not entirely sure, if I’m honest. I’m somewhat of a late bloomer too, I suppose.” Wilbur lied through his teeth, the sheepish smile back on his lips like it belonged there. That somehow made the teen look even more excited. “You’re a late bloomer too?! But your quirk is so cool!” He gushed, before realising he had grabbed a hold of Wilbur’s wrist. The older male just laughed as the boy blushed. “Yeah, I’ve only recently figured out how it worked. Still getting the hang of it.” It wasn’t a full lie, since he had no idea what a quirk was until like, five minutes ago. He had no idea what was actually considered a quirk on this server.

“Anyways, it’s getting dark, you should head home. Lots of dangers lurking in the dark.” Wilbur hummed as he looked up at the sky, watching the sun slowly set. Midoriya nodded a bit, hesitating as he followed Wilbur’s gaze. As the older teen got lost in his own mind, he didn’t pay attention to whatever the other boy was doing besides him, until he felt a slip of paper brush against his hand. “Here, my number. You seem cool, and I’d like to train with you sometime! Together this beach will be empty in no time!” Midoriya’s smile was contagious, a soft smile resting on Wilbur’s lips as he slid the paper into one of the pockets of his jacket. “That sounds nice Midoriya. Now, run along before your parents start to worry about you.” He laughed, waving the boy goodbye as he watched him leave. What a strange kid.

Pulling the strip of paper from his pocket, he added the number to his communicator, sending the boy a brief message so he would have his number as well. He surely hoped his communicator was compatible with whatever system they used on this server. It seemed to work, as he got a message back only a few minutes later. Sliding the tablet back into his inventory, he noticed an item he didn’t have on him before he died. A compass, which on

further inspection, was labelled 'follow'. "Oh that's not fucking shady at all." Wilbur muttered to himself, trying to see which way the compass was trying to guide him. Against his better judgement, he decided to at least give it a try. It was pointing towards the west, so Wilbur started to walk.

A Convenient Find

Chapter Summary

As Wilbur tries to learn more about this new server, things seem to be looking forwards for him

After about ten minutes of walking, the compass started to spin around as he stood in front of an abandoned looking building. It was a bit surprising to see a building abandoned in this part of town, as the entire area looked rather nice compared to the rundown house he was standing in front of. He slid the compass back into his inventory, and cautiously pushed open the door. The place looked like somebody had left in a hurry, since most of the furniture was still in the house. A thick layer of dust covered almost everything though, so it was clear nobody had been here in a while. Wilbur got the funny feeling that this was the server's way of giving him a place to stay for the time being, and he certainly wouldn't look a gifted horse in the mouth.

The house had one bedroom that was attached to the living room, a kitchen built into the living room and a bathroom with a shower. Sure, it wasn't anything extremely luxurious, but to Wilbur it was magical to have a house with actual walls. He was so used to the slight breeze that always seemed to blow through Pogtopia that having an actual house with four walls and a roof already was the peak of comfort to him. It took him a while to get rid of all the dust that covered the furniture, but once he was done, the place already started to look like more of a home than Pogtopia ever had. That was one problem dealt with. He now had a place to stay, and with the food still in his inventory he was good for at least another week or so. He had a week to figure out what the hell was going on.

Once he was done with most of the cleaning, he let himself fall onto the couch, a loud sigh escaping his lips as he finally allowed his aching muscles to rest. As he stared up at the ceiling, the paranoia and panic he had been pushing down all day finally caught up to him. His chest felt tight, the weight of the situation taking its physical toll on him. The longer he allowed himself to wallow in those feelings, the more he started to reminisce of his life before the elections, before everything went to shit. When their biggest worries had been the lack of tourism in L'manberg. How did everything get so complicated? One day, Wilbur was selling drugs with his brother, the next he had to betray his brother to get rid of the evil that he himself had created. He wasn't sure if he was truly guilty for what he did, or if he was just guilty about hurting Tommy. L'manberg got what it deserved, but whether his brother had deserved everything that happened in Pogtopia, Wilbur wasn't sure.

Somewhere along the way, Wilbur ended up dozing off on the couch, and by the time he woke back up, the sun had already come up. With a yawn he got up from the couch, joints groaning in protest. He shook the slight achiness from his limbs, feeling stiff from his rather poor sleeping position. Opening up his inventory, he ate a few pieces of bread to refill his

hunger before heading over to the sink in the kitchen area attached to the living room. He washed off his face, and attempted to rid his fingers of the blue staining them, to no avail.

“What even is this crap?” He muttered under his breath, scrubbing at his skin with more force than necessary. It had somehow spread to his other hand too, even though he hadn’t touched the slash at all with that hand. Taking a closer look at it, the skin didn’t even look stained. No, it just looked like his skin was naturally a bright colour of blue at his fingertips, blending into the pale colour of the rest of his hands in a way that almost looked.. Natural. Well, as natural as blue skin can be. Wilbur let out a sigh as he turned off the faucet. It must have been some weird side effect from dying. Deaths usually left some form of scar behind, though they were usually in the area that actually caused the death. Maybe it had to do with the gunpowder that had covered Wilbur’s fingers when he died? He didn’t know, and he had a feeling he wouldn’t be getting the answer to his question any time soon either.

Wilbur pulled his communicator from his inventory, the screen flickering on as soon as he did so. As he messed around with his settings a bit, he somehow managed to link up his tablet with the internet. What exactly the internet was, he wasn’t sure, but as he tapped around a bit, he realised he could use whatever it was to figure out where he was. Opening up a new browser window, he started to do some research. His first big finding was that this server had a lot of rules. Like, he thought Schlatt had instilled a lot of rules during his time as the president of L’manberg, but compared to this server, Schlatt’s laws seemed like child's play.

Quirks were basically superpowers, from what Wilbur understood. Using them in public was illegal unless one had a hero-license. Which was another big thing on this server, heroes. As he surfed the web, he came across countless news articles and fanpages all centered around heroes. Basically, everybody in this server had a superpower of some kind, and some used these to become heroes. There were even schools for these heroes! The more Wilbur read about it, the more he started to feel like he was in a fever dream. Rubbing his temples a bit, he tried to fight off the migraine pounding against his skull.

He kept reading, needing to know more about this server. Being in a foreign world without knowing the rules could get him in a lot of trouble, especially when it was pretty clear there were some really strong players here. He scrolled through a few newspapers, trying to get familiar with which heroes were big names in the game. Knowing some basics would save him from making himself look suspicious. He didn’t want a repeat of what had happened with Midoriya the night before. Once was bad enough. He had to blend in with this world if he wanted to avoid getting banned.

Closing all the open tabs on his communicator, he flicked the screen off before putting it away. His next goal was to get a job of some kind. From the research he had done he could gather that this server had a pretty solid economy going, and that the easiest way to blend in would be to get a job somewhere low profile. Somewhere where nobody would question his existence too much, like a store. People usually don’t pay much attention to who’s scanning their items, they just want to get out as fast as possible. A perfect place for him to hide in plain sight.

The problem was, that technically Wilbur didn’t exist in this server. He had tried to message himself, to see if that would work, and got the same error message as he had gotten from all

of his other attempts. His name wasn't on the playlist, meaning he wouldn't be able to provide any kind of paperwork to his workplace, which wasn't ideal but according to the internet there were still enough places that hired people without paperwork. It wasn't entirely legal, but Wilbur wasn't known for being a goody two shoes; Blowing up your own country wasn't legal either, yet he still did it, and with a smile too.

Stepping out of the house he had claimed as his own, his right hand once again brushed over where the slash had been. He had switched out his stained shirt for a yellow sweater he had found in one of the closets in the bedroom. It was a bit too big on him, but it beat wearing a shirt with stains in it. The weather on this server was a lot better than the weather on the Dream SMP, the air a lot warmer than it had been back in Pogtopia. He didn't really need his coat, and had shoved it into his inventory. Leaving without it didn't feel right, as it was one of the last things tying him to the Dream SMP.

He walked for a while, still getting used to the colourful crowd that covered the streets. People were a lot more polite here, too. Whenever somebody bumped into him, they actually apologized instead of just telling him to look where he was going. For a world where it was normal for people to turn into villains at the drop of a hat, Wilbur found it rather interesting that the general public seemed rather tame. No shouting over each other, no obscene words getting hollered at anybody who would listen, no random fighting on the streets... It was so tame and peaceful it almost made Wilbur want to gag.

His eyes landed on a 'now hiring!' sign sitting in the windowsill of what looked like a cafe, about a block away from his new house. As he pushed open the door, the soft jingle of a bell alerted the tired looking barista of his arrival. Customers were scattered around the small cafe, sitting at various tables and booths, chatting or typing away on their communicators. A cat brushed against Wilbur's leg, making one of his brows rise in confusion. Why was there a cat in this cafe? Taking another look around, he realised this was most definitely a cat cafe, as about four other cats were wandering between the booths. A grin played on his lips as he crouched down to pet the cat currently at his feet, chuckling as the cat meowed at him.

Somehow, Wilbur managed to talk his way into the job. It only took one ten minute talk with the manager for him to get hired, which he was rather proud of. Smooth talking had always been one of his strong points, and it was really saving his ass in this new server. Maybe the universe was finally going easy on him. The manager, or Nakamura as he had introduced himself, had put male to work almost immediately, claiming they could use all the extra hands they could get. Wilbur didn't complain. It wasn't like he had anything better to do.

The tired teen at the counter turned out to be a kid called Shinsou, who was pretty quiet for a teenager. Though Wilbur didn't exactly have the best reference for how loud a teen should be; Tommy and Tubbo were abnormally loud, and even Fundy had never been a quiet kid. But as the day went on, he did manage to drag the occasional response out of the purple haired teen. "What are the cats' names?" Wilbur asked once the lunch rush had calmed a bit. Shinsou looked up from the drink he had been preparing, briefly looking over at the cats with an uninterested look. "The red one's name is Soba, the black one is called Macha, the spotted one at table three is called Cookie, the one at table seven is called Cream and this little bastard who keeps sitting on the counter is Spa, short for Spaghetti." The teen sounded bored as he listed off the names of the cats, shooting Spa a glare as he gently tapped the cat's back

to get it to move. “Those are quite interesting names.” Wilbur chuckled, going back to preparing some more drinks.

Turns out, working in a cafe was hard work. Wilbur had to clean up so many spilled drinks, most caused by Soba, who seemed to have a personal grudge against coffee cups. According to Shinsou, it was indeed quite routine for the cat to randomly knock cups from tables whenever it felt like it wasn’t getting enough attention. Never had Wilbur related to a cat more.

As the cafe grew less crowded, he spent a while rinsing dishes while chatting with Shinsou. Turns out, the teen was applying for the same school Midoriya had mentioned yesterday. He hoped to get into the hero course, but from his bitter tone, Wilbur had a feeling the teen already knew he wasn’t getting in. “Well, if you give it your all, I’m sure you can get in. How hard can it be, right?” Wilbur tried to lighten Shinsou’s spirits, but it didn’t seem to work. “What’s your quirk anyways?” He asked, realising he hadn’t heard the teen mention it at all. Shinsou froze at the question, his lips drawing into a thin line. That seemed to be the wrong question to ask. “Nevermind, that was rude to ask. Forget about it. I should go... mop the floor, yeah-” Wilbur awkwardly tried to change the topic, ducking under the counter to go get a mop from the back.

The air remained tense for the rest of his shift, which made Wilbur want to scream. How was he supposed to know quirks were a sensitive topic? That Midoriya kid had seemed so relaxed about them, that he had kind of assumed it was a generally accepted conversation topic! On his way home, he couldn’t stop the sigh from escaping his lips. Never had he thought he would ever miss the Dream SMP, yet here he was, wishing he could go back home. Back to his brothers, to his father, to his nation. But L’manberg was no more. President Wilbur Soot was no more. No, he was dead, just like the country he had started.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to force himself to stay calm. He knew that at some point, he would have to face all of the negative things he was currently bottling up, but for now he was much more comfortable keeping his feelings an arms length away. Emotions would only cloud his mind, and right now he couldn’t risk slipping up. He was doing too well to let himself get banned over something as silly as feelings.

A Workday

Chapter Summary

When Midoriya shows up to the cafe a few days after the entrance exams, Wilbur meets the boy's mentor

Wilbur fell into a comfortable routine rather quickly, which wasn't that surprising considering he was pretty much trained to be as adaptable as possible; his father never stayed in one place long, dragging Wilbur along all across the universe to explore servers, singleplayer worlds and everything in between. They never stayed in one place long, for better or worse. The constant moving around had made Wilbur numb to the process. Having to find his place in a new world he didn't know anything about was just another Tuesday night for him. That didn't mean he was happy about the way things had turned out, no on the contrary, he spent most nights cursing out the universe from the roof of his new house. Turns out, getting up there was pretty easy, so Wilbur spent a lot of time just sitting on the roof tiles, watching the stars. While the air in the Dream SMP hadn't been polluted, the sky had been significantly more empty than on this new server.

Working at the cafe turned out to be a bit dull, not much happening most of the day. The kid he was working with, Shinsou, was there most days as well. When Wilbur asked why a child like Shinsou was working almost the same hours as an adult like Wilbur, he didn't get a clear answer, just a grumble to mind his own business. It didn't look like Shinsou was going to budge any time soon, so Wilbur dropped the topic. The awkward air that had formed during his first shift had mellowed out by the time his second week of shifts came to an end. Sure, Shinsou was still closed off and refused to speak most of the time, but he did smile more, so Wilbur counted it as a win.

During his third week, a familiar face walked up to the counter. Those freckles and wild green locks couldn't be anyone but Midoriya, the kid he had met at the beach on his first day. While they might have promised to stay in touch, Wilbur couldn't bring himself to actually reach out to the teen. It felt weird. Plus, working had taken its toll on Wilbur, and whenever he wasn't having a heart-to-heart with the universe on his roof, he spent most of his time sleeping. For some reason, this server made him feel a lot more tired. Maybe the sleep cycle was set up differently here? Wilbur wasn't sure.

Wilbur was snapped out of his thoughts by hearing somebody call his name, brown eyes flickering down to meet Midoriya's. "Oh, hey Midoriya. It's been a while, hasn't it? Time sure flies when you're settling in in a new country." Wilbur laughed, hoping the teen would buy his excuse. The smile that formed on Midoriya's lips seemed to confirm his hopes. "Good afternoon Wilbur! Yeah, I can imagine!" His eyes crinkled closed for a moment, making his words seem more genuine. A soft cough came from besides Midoriya, at which moment Wilbur realised Midoriya hadn't come to the cafe alone. The teen gasped, eyes

widening for a moment. “Right! All- I mean-! Uh, Mister Toshinori, this is Wilbur. He helped me move one of those large fridges from the beach a few weeks ago! He’s from Europe! Wilbur, this is Mister Toshinori Yagi, he’s my mentor!” Midoriya cheerily introduced.

Taking a better look at Toshinori, Wilbur couldn’t help but doubt Midoriya’s claim of this man being his mentor. The man looked sick, like a strong wind would be enough to blow him over. His eyes were so sunken in they looked almost black, though he could see two bright blue pupils looking back at him. Everything about the man screamed frail, which made Wilbur wonder if he was really a suitable mentor for the energetic teen. Not that Wilbur was one to judge; back in Pogtopia, he probably hadn’t been looking much better than Toshinori himself. With the future of his nation resting on his shoulders, which were still frail from carrying the independence of said nation to success, his body paid the price.

Extending one of his blue stained hands over the counter, he offered the man a handshake with a smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir. Midoriya over here speaks highly of you. Now, what can I get you two?” The man’s grip was tighter than Wilbur had anticipated. Never underestimate anyone, a voice snarked from the back of his mind. He couldn’t quite place who it belonged to, but it certainly wasn’t his own. Scribbling down their order, he quickly got to work on their drinks.

“Hey Midoriya, you applied for UA right? How did that work out?” Wilbur asked, genuinely curious. Shinsou had gotten his acceptance letter a few days ago, though he didn’t make it into the hero course. He was going to be in the General Education course, which he seemed a bit bummed about. Though, to be honest, Shinsou always looked slightly bummed about everything, so Wilbur wasn’t sure if his assessment was right. “I passed the entrance exam! I’ll be starting in the hero course next week!” Midoriya exclaimed, practically vibrating in his seat. Toshinori, who was seated across from the boy, fondly smiled as he tried to quieten Midoriya down. Lucky for them, it was a quiet afternoon in the cafe, the pair being one of the only few customers, so nobody seemed bothered by the teens outburst.

“Oh shit, nice job! Congrats man, I mean it.” Wilbur grinned as he set their drinks down on the table. He had no clue what an entrance exam enthralled, but by the sounds of it, it was rather hard to pass it, so hearing his friend(? he hadn’t quite made his mind up about the kid yet) had passed it was something to be proud of. The teen shyly smiled under the praise, like he didn’t expect to be congratulated. “You must’ve done one hell of a job mentoring him sir, last time I saw him he wasn’t half as beefy as he is now. Have you been training that much, Midoriya?” Wilbur joked, sending the teen a playful grin. “He is quite the student indeed. But, I cannot take full credit for his accomplishments, he did most of the hard work himself.” Toshinori sounded proud. The pride in the man’s voice reminded him of Phil, who had sounded just as proud about Wilbur himself many moons ago.

The memory of his father made a bittersweet taste linger on his tongue, one he couldn’t quite get rid off. Swallowing thickly, he realised he had zoned out for a minute, having no clue what either of the other men had just said. Turns out he didn’t have to figure out either, as the sound of a glass shattering rang through the cafe, followed by a loud sigh. “Soot, clean up at table six. Soba is at it again.” Shinsou called out, for once sounding actually annoyed rather than just sounding bored. Now that he thought about it, Shinsou and Technoblade would

probably get along swimmingly, both sounding like they would rather be anywhere else at any given time.

“Excuse me for a second lads, I’ll be right back.” Wilbur excused himself, heading over to the table to inspect the damage. Soba had knocked a half-empty glass off of one of the tables waiting for cleanup. Pulling a bucket from his inventory, he picked up the spilt liquid with ease. He hummed to himself, about to dump out the liquid, when he heard Midoriya rush over to his side. “How did you do that?!” He asked, though it sounded more like a demand. Wilbur was confused, and it clearly showed on his face as Midoriya started to frantically motion to the bucket. “You just- just swung your bucket and the liquid went into it! How- Is it part of your quirk?” The teen gasped, stars practically in his eyes as he grabbed onto Wilbur’s arm. The taller man felt incredibly lost as he looked down at the greenette. Did... did this server have different water mechanics than every other server? Did they not use water?

“Oh, uhm, yeah!” Wilbur decided to just go along with it, figuring it would be less suspicious that way. “I thought your quirk had to do with a health and hunger bar?” Midoriya questioned, sounding more curious than accusing. “I told you man, I’m as lost as you are. Only realised I could do this about a week or so ago.” Wilbur murmured, dumping the liquid into the sink. He returned to the glass, picking up the larger broken shards before grabbing a broom. “It’s almost... It’s like a videogame! Your quirk, I mean! You have an HP bar, hunger bar and can pick things up that others can’t! I bet there’s probably more to your quirk than you know right now, like maybe enhanced abilities? Though those-” Midoriya thought out loud, making Wilbur pause. That... that sounded like a good cover, actually. “I like the sound of that, my quirk being video game esque. Maybe that’s what I should name my quirk.” Wilbur cut through Midoriya’s rambling, making the teen excitedly nod. “That would be such a cool name! Did you see that All-” And with that, the teen returned to his mentor, leaving Wilbur alone with his thoughts.

A Job Offer

Chapter Summary

During one of his rooftop dinners, Wilbur is given an offer

Chapter Notes

A bit of a shorter chapter, purely because its setting up the main plot
I'll try to make them longer from here on lol

The Dream SMP had never been a quiet server. Something was always going on at any given time of the day, whether it be petty fights between members or bigger conflicts like full on wars, there wasn't a dull moment during Wilbur's time on the server. From drug deals to getting exiled after a failed attempt at becoming the president, Wilbur never had much down time back then. Pogtopia had been a bit more quiet, but not in a good way. The months spent in the ravine felt like the calm before the storm, every second of every day wasted waiting for the other shoe to drop, for something to happen. But, even that period of time hadn't been truly quiet. There was still a lot going on, but everything had to be kept under wraps in fear of spies and betrayal.

This server was different, Wilbur had realised. While it at a first glance looked just as loud and chaotic as the Dream SMP, everything was a lot more under control here. Sure there were villain attacks almost every single day, but there were enough heroes around to take care of those. The longer Wilbur spent on this server, the more he realised how truly messy the Dream SMP had been. From the second Wilbur joined the server, there had been conflict. A server that only bred violence and conflict wasn't a good server, he was aware of that.

Still, he at times missed the server where he had made his home. He didn't miss L'manberg, no he more so missed the people that L'manberg was made up of. Fundy, his son who he had left behind without any proper last words. Tommy, his self proclaimed younger brother who he had left to fight off one of the best PVPers in all of the worlds. Phil, his winged father who he had begged to kill him, to bring a perfect ending to his story.

Absentmindedly, he brushed his hand over where he had been stabbed a few months ago. The blue on his fingers still hadn't gone away, stopping just below his knuckles. It had even spread to his toes, and the area where the slash once had been. Why it was there, he still didn't know. Another chance his body had been going through, was that his skin was turning grey. It started off slowly, with him growing paler and paler as the days passed. He only realised he looked borderline grey a few mornings ago, when he was about to give himself a

haircut; His brown curls had begun to become too unruly to keep in shape, and making an appointment with an actual hairdresser was too much work.

Figuring it was just another side effect from server hopping, he just focused on cutting his own hair for the time being. It helped him feel a bit more like himself again, seeing his hair back in the shape it had been back before everything had gone downhill for him. He still wore the yellow sweater, his old clothes bringing back too many memories. On occasion, he put on his old coat just to soak up the smells still clinging to the fabric. It smelled like home, like gunpowder, rain and smoke. More often than not, he ended up falling asleep in it, hands tightly holding onto the hem of the clothing piece. He had a lot less bad dreams those nights.

It was a bleak Wednesday night when things started to get a bit more interesting. Wilbur had been lounging on his roof like he tended to do most nights, watching the sunset as he ate his crappy dinner. Instant noodles along with a weird canned drink he had gotten from the supermarket. He hadn't been sure what it was, but the etiquette looked nice so he decided to give it a shot. It wasn't like he could taste it anyways, his sense of taste never having properly worked in the first place. He found that it was incredibly carbonated, the liquid sharply pricking at his tongue with every sip. After his third sip, he decided he hated it.

He was about to take his first bite of his now cooled off noodles, when something dashed across the roof of one of the houses just down the street. His eyebrows furrowed as he watched a blur jump from rooftop to rooftop, hesitantly moving to stand up. The blur was getting closer, and he'd rather not get knocked off of his own roof. Taking another sip from his shitty drink, he scrunched up his nose a bit. He really shouldn't have bought it. He watched as the blur, which turned out to be a person, slowed down as it approached the roof Wilbur was standing on top of, a grin on the stranger's features that screamed danger.

"Hey kid! Wouldn't you like to get some extra cash?" The stranger drew out, sounding almost a bit slurred as he stopped just a few metres away from Wilbur, careful not to stray onto the man's roof. Wilbur narrowed his eyes at the man, unsure what he was getting at. "Don't play coy kid, I know you're a squatter. No shame in that! But I know a way you could get a quick buck. Some hotshots calling themselves the League of Villains are recruiting tons of people. They promise good money." The man continued, the grin on his lips making Wilbur feel sick to his stomach.

"What kind of job are they offering?" He asked, unable to keep his curiosity at bay. He almost wished he had just hit the man off of the roof when his already insufferable grin turned cocky. "Some big attack on All Might. I think they're trying to make a statement, but I don't get paid to care about the message behind their work." The man shrugged.

Now, Wilbur had a lot of opinions about the way this server was structured. The whole idea of people being either civilians, heroes or villains was incredibly flawed to begin with; things weren't that black and white. Also monetizing saving lives felt incredibly wrong to him, though he didn't dare to express those thoughts. The few new friends he had made both wished to be heroes later on, and losing them due to his opinion on heroes wasn't something he thought was worth risking. That wasn't to say he thought all heroes were bad either. No, a lot of them did a pretty good job at keeping the server safe.

Which is why he felt so conflicted about the offer. Logically, he knew he should say no. He should contact the police, warn them of whatever this so-called league had planned. But, as much as Wilbur liked to call himself a logical man, his crave for action and chaos made him give his number to the stranger so they could send him the exact information of the job. He didn't necessarily want to hurt All Might, but the chance to be at the front lines when something this big happened was too big to just pass up on. If he ended up not liking what was happening, he could always turn back at the last second. Plus, this way maybe he could finally put his leftover TNT to use.

Continuation

Chapter Summary

The USJ attack goes a bit differently than planned

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for the support!!

I'm glad you are all enjoying my little self indulgent ramblings lol

Wilbur ran his fingers down the collar of his old coat, trying to fix a rather persistent wrinkle that kept popping up every time he thought he had finally tamed the stubborn fabric. It felt weird to be wearing the brown cloth again as he stepped out of his front door, looking almost exactly the same as he had the day he had died. The only difference was the length of his hair, though the beanie on his head hid most of his short brown curls. Even the undershirt was the same, his soft yellow sweater replaced with the faded grey one that still had a bright blue slash across from it. No matter how long he scrubbed the mark, it wouldn't come out, so he had given up. It seemed that whatever the blue touched, it stayed stained forever.

Brown eyes flicked back down to the flickering screen of his communicator, checking over the coordinates one last time before he set off. Some mystery number had texted him a few hours prior, providing him with the location and a brief explanation of the plan. It was a shit, in Wilbur's professional opinion. He had seen his fair share of plans, both good ones and bad ones. This one fell under the second category, since there was barely any real structure to this plan to begin with. His instructions were to go through some portal, which made Wilbur realise this was the first time he had heard anybody mention nether portals, though he got the funny feeling that just like most things in this world, this portal also didn't work like the ones he was familiar with.

Past that, he was just told to 'attack anything that looks like a hero'. He read over the message a few times to make sure he wasn't reading it wrong. Those instructions were so vague, how was he supposed to know what a hero looks like? He's seen a grand total of zero heroes in person. Sure, in his search for information about this server he had seen a few pictures of flashy looking heroes, but surely not all of them wore bright neon colours? That didn't sound very practical.

The coords he was sent turned out to be rather close, in a rough looking part of the city. He wasn't the only one there either, about fifty or so people were gathered near the front of a building Wilbur couldn't quite read the name of. As he approached the crowd, his eyes

landed on the two people at the front, who seemed to be the men in charge. The one on the right looked like he was a teenager, looking way too frail to be leading a villain attack. Next to him stood a taller person, who had some kind of weird purple void instead of skin. Wilbur wasn't sure how to describe it better than that. He looked like he had a portal for a face, with glowing yellow eyes resting in the centre of it. He gave Wilbur the creeps.

From the signs of it, the two in the front would go through the portal first, followed by the rest of the criminals they hired. Looking around, Wilbur had to admit he was impressed by the amount of people this so-called League had managed to gather. The problem was that attacking all at once just wasn't a good plan, especially since they didn't even know what they were up against. Brute forcing their way through this fight was a clear sign that this attack wasn't that well planned. The longer Wilbur looked, the more he realised how doomed this attack was. Some of the villains they had recruited were clearly more skilled at long range attacks, their choice of weapons and their mutations being a dead giveaway. Why send in ranged fighters when you're going in for a close ranged attack?

Wilbur rolled his eyes to himself as he sighed. Maybe he had overestimated this whole operation a bit. He had thought it would be fun to see the chaos unfold, to watch the heroes go against the villains, but it turned out that he was just about to watch some petty criminals get folded by a probably stronger army of heroes. Flicking open his inventory, he considered just leaving. Nobody knew he was there anyways, plus with the amount of people there it was unlikely that they would notice him slipping away. His gaze lingered on the stack of TNT that seemed to be almost calling his name, fingers hovering above the stack for a moment. Even if they lost, it could still be fun to bring the place to the ground, just because he could.

With his mind made up, he turned back to the front of the crowd, where a large portal had just been opened. His suspicions were proven to be correct, as the portal looked nothing like those he had grown up with. While it was still similar in texture, he couldn't spot a frame for it. The colour of it was also weird; it was almost the same colour as obsidian, instead of the rich purple colour of normal nether portals. He didn't see any particles either, nor did he hear any of that oh so familiar portal ambience. It almost made him feel a bit bummed that it wasn't a portal like he was used to. Just another thing that proved he was far from home.

A wave of roars filled the air as the crowd of villains started to storm the portal, making Wilbur sigh once again. Not only were they going in blind, they were also giving away their element of surprise! By all means, they deserved to get killed by heroes for their stupidity. Wilbur was near the back of the crowd, calmly sauntering through the portal. He wasn't in a hurry, and didn't really want to be at the front lines anyways. His sword had been gone from his inventory when he spawned in this new server, presumably still resting in Phil's inventory, meaning he had no real weapon on him save for Chekhov's Gun, which wasn't optimal for close ranged combat.

One thing that this portal did have in common with the portals from back home, was the wave of nausea that hit him once he stepped through it. Taking a second to get his bearings, he was a bit confused as to where exactly he had been teleported to. The ground was covered in dirt and sand, yet the walls and other structures around him suggested he was inside. From

what he had seen of this server, this wasn't a normal design people used. On his left, he saw a large body of water with a boat in the centre, and on his right a.. Mountain? Why was there an indoor mountain here? Where was here even?

His train of thoughts was derailed when he heard a familiar voice from across the room. Browns furrowing a bit, his eyes landed on a small crowd of teens standing at the top of a platform in the distance. That's when Wilbur realised he had made a big mistake coming here. The second his eyes locked onto familiar green curls, his stomach turned. This attack wasn't just against heroes. No, these villains were playing dirty. They were going after heroes in training. He should have known that they wouldn't play fair, they were villains for Christ's sake! He should have known better!

Unsteadily making his way to the outer corner of the villain mob, he tried to come up with a plan. He couldn't just let these grown ass monsters kill these kids! This server was on hardcore mode. If they died, they wouldn't be able to come back! No child deserved to die that young. Eyes frantically flickering over the field, he came up with an idea. It wasn't his best plan ever, but it sure beat whatever the League had come up with. As the teenager looking villain started to monologue, Wilbur reached for his trusty stack of TNT.

Somewhere during the time Wilbur spent setting up his plan, the kids who had been on the platform were all scattered throughout the building(? Wilbur still didn't know what the hell this place was, and wasn't looking to find out either). Some guy in a tracksuit with a weird looking scarf dropped down in the middle of the villain mob, and was taking out villains left and right. Had Wilbur not been busy, he would have applauded the man's skill. Seeing the man floor another crook, Wilbur couldn't help but wonder how a fight between the mystery man and Technoblade would end. Shaking his head, he focused back on the explosives in his hands.

The chaos around him all blended together into white noise as he methodically moved around the building, his blue fingers stained grey with gunpowder by the time he was finished setting everything up. He couldn't stop the grin from forming on his lips, setting up a small line of redstone before turning back to the mob in the center of the building. Things had clearly gone south for the heroes, as the strong man from before was lying crumpled underneath the fist of some weird bird looking thing. The teenager who was leading this whole operation was going on a whole tirade against the clearly already defeated hero, which made Wilbur wonder whether this kid was just a theater major in disguise.

Wilbur felt the world around him slow down when three teenagers came into view. It seemed like the leader of the league spotted them at the exact same moment, a crazed laugh racking through the frail man's body as he dashed towards the trio, hand reaching out to touch the face of a green haired girl. Wilbur's body acted before he could even properly assess the situation, an arrow whizzing just past the man's hand causing him to pause and look up.

Forcing his already manic smile into an even more theatrical one, he cackled at the dumbfoundedness clouding the teen's gaze. "You should have checked who you were hiring, hand boy!" He drew out, craning his neck out a bit as he looked down at the now fuming male. He took a step forward, clearly preparing to dash at him like he had done at the girl before. "A-ha, I wouldn't do that if I were you. One wrong move and this entire place gets

blasted to the fucking moon. I've got this place rigged up with enough TNT to blow up a small country. Don't try anything smart now. You've been outplayed, motherfucker!" Wilbur let out a cheery laugh, feeling as relaxed as ever. "Oh, cat got your tongue? You seemed pretty chatty talking down at that guy over there. Is it because I talk back? God, you really are pathetic, aren't you?" He swayed on his feet, rocking to the theme of his own madness, hands hovering just above the detonation button. "Move away from the kids, big man, or die with them. Final warning." Wilbur's cold voice cut through the air, smile wiped clean off of his face as he locked eyes with the leader.

Misguided Teens

Chapter Summary

The USJ attack ends in a way Wilbur didn't expect

“You wouldn’t risk their lives.” The teen drew out, his voice sounding so hoarse Wilbur wondered if the man had ever heard of water before. A chuckle left his lips, hand drawing closer to the button. “Oh? I wouldn’t? Huh, that’s funny, because I certainly think I would.” He challenged, never breaking eye contact with the male standing a good ten metres away from him. The teen twitched, fingers scratching at the skin of his neck. From the looks of it, it wasn’t the first time he had done it either, his entire neck full of poorly healed scratches. “I don’t like repeating myself. I said, step away.” Wilbur was getting annoyed at this point, itching to just get it over with and hit the button. Finally, his words seemed to have the intended effect, the villain stepping away from the teenagers.

“Good, good. Now, step two, get your... bird thing, to get off of the homeless man. It’s bad sportsmanship to keep beating an opponent that can’t fight anymore.” Wilbur was trying to stall. For what, he wasn’t sure yet. He just knew he didn’t really want any kids to get caught in the crossfire of his explosion. Maybe if he bought them some time, they could get out of the blast zone. But by the looks of it, those kids weren’t going anywhere any time soon if the determined look on Midoriya’s face was anything to go off of. “And what I said to Hand Boy over there goes for you kids too, move and none of us will make it out of here. Don’t play the hero.” He warned, though his playful tone had died out. It was an empty threat, but the kids didn’t know that. The horrified gasp that came from Midoriya’s lips made a bitter taste rise to Wilbur’s mouth, though he didn’t allow himself to wallow in it for long.

“We were here to kill All Might. Or, you were. These kids have nothing to do with him. That you’re having a prissy fit about him not being here is not their fault. You’re mad at All Might for not doing his job, right? For failing those who need him? Well, if you want people to believe in your cause, maybe don’t actively try to kill kids! Nobody likes a mass murderer! This is not how you start a revolution, you wanker!” Wilbur knew he sounded too passionate about this. “You want to change the world right? How can you change anything if nobody believes in your cause? Think for once in your goddamn life before you act!” His voice cracked, making his jaw tighten for a moment. He shifted his gaze to the ground for just a moment, trying to get a grip on his feelings. “You can’t brute force your way through changing the world. That’s not how it works.” His tone was softer this time, not as accusing as before.

“You speak like you know what it takes to lead a revolution. You don’t understand! Heroes like All Might, they’re the scum of the earth! If I can kill him, the world will be so much better!” The delusional undertone hidden within the teenagers voice made Wilbur flinch, scoffing when he realised he had probably sounded the exact same to Tommy back in

Pogtopia. “Will it be better though? Or will another hero just come along, to fill the hole All Might left behind? I’m not saying you’re wrong, this whole hero system needs a lot of reworking indeed. But, what I am saying is that your way of handling it isn’t right.” Wilbur felt a spark of sympathy for the boy, who was clearly so lost in his own delusions he was beyond reasoning.

Wilbur’s stalling turned out to be a good idea as a thunderous slam rumbled throughout the building. Turning towards the sound, Wilbur realised backup had arrived. A small army of what he could only assume were heroes were storming into the building, the slam having come from a door getting busted down. Another chuckle fell from his lips as he looked back at the villain, shoving the button back into his inventory. “Uh-oh, looks like the cops came to ruin the party. Sure is a shame, I would kill for a good explosion.”

Things got a bit messy from there on, a lot of voices all yelling all at once, making his already pounding headache feel even worse. The bird thing let go of the homeless man at one point, and the group of teenagers were about to move towards him when Wilbur cut in front of them. “Get out of here kids, I’ll get him out of here. Won’t hurt him, scouts honour.” He shot them a lazy salute before making his way over to the beat up looking hero. “Shit, that thing really did a number on you mate. Let’s get you out of here, up you go.” He murmured to himself as he hoisted the man up into his arms. The man was limp in his arms, making Wilbur worry whether he was even still alive. A groan from the man made those worries fade away.

“The... My students...” His voice was deep, almost like Erret’s, though that might just be from how gruff it was from exhaustion. “They’re safe, you can rest.” Wilbur assured, grip tightening on the man as a painful sounding cough racked through the man’s limp body. This man must’ve been a teacher of some sort, presumably of Midoriya’s hero class. It explained how the man had been able to go up against a swarm of villains and come out victorious. Though, it was a bit strange that a man who could only be described as homeless looking was a hero. Maybe that meant there was hope for Wilbur afterall. He smiled at the idea, shaking his head a bit.

He brought the man up to the platform where the students had been gathered during the start of the attack, spotting multiple heroes and other students stood scattered around the area, along with multiple emergency vehicles. A man with hair that looked like a straight up banana approached him, looking like he was ready to tear Wilbur apart. Wilbur tried to raise his hands up a bit in a sign of innocence. “Don’t shoot the messenger man! He needs healing. A lot of it.” He nodded his head down at the unconscious man in his arms. “Eraserhead! Get him over here, Recovery Girl is on her way!” The banana haired man was way too loud, though not in a normal way. No, his voice didn’t seem naturally brash like Tommy’s had been. It sounded like it was enhanced in some way. A quirk maybe? Now wasn’t the time to ask, so Wilbur let it go.

He carefully lowered the hero onto a nearby stretcher, watching him get whisked away by a healer almost immediately. He didn’t see them pull out any health pots, but assumed they would at some point. Meanwhile, a lot was happening behind him. By the time he rejoined the group of students on the platform, All Might had defeated the bird looking thing, and slowly but surely all the villains were getting rounded up by the army of heroes that had

shown up. As he leaned against a nearby wall, he caught a few snippets of conversations the teens were having. Apparently, the portal head man had split the teens up into groups and had scattered them all throughout the building. Some looked more shaken up than others. One in particular just looked more mad than anything.

His eyes landed on those familiar green curls, feet moving before he even realised it. “Midoriya! Are you alright? Jesus, that was terrifying! Had I known you were here...” Wilbur started, though he got cut off by Midoriya tackling him into a hug. “That was-... Why were you- I don’t understand! But, thank you. You saved Tsu’s life. I don’t think I would’ve been able to reach her in time...” The teen stammered, making Wilbur blink. He chuckled, ruffling Midoriya’s hair. “It’s fine, kid. And to answer your question, I was here purely because I was bored. Got invited to join some weird rebellion against heroes, and decided well, it’s not like I’ve got anything better to do with my Tuesday morning.” He grinned. The kid didn’t seem to believe him, even if it was actually the truth.

“Were you really... Was the button fake?” Midoriya asked, swallowing thickly. Wilbur hummed as he took a step away from the teen, fingers brushing over the button in his inventory. “It was real. I’m a man of my word. Didn’t plan on actually lighting it though. Plus, I highly oversold the amount of TNT I placed. Barely placed enough to cause a crater, plus with all the water around would have limited the blast anyways.” He explained, Midoriya hesitantly nodding at his words. “Is what you said true? Do you hate heroes?” That made Wilbur pause once again. He shook his head as he carefully picked his next words. “I don’t hate heroes, I just dislike the hero system. Monetizing saving lives is a dangerous game. I think some revisions are needed. But, at the very core, I don’t think the heroes themselves are bad. So don’t worry your little head about it, kid. I’m not a villain sympathiser or a hero hater. Just some guy with opinions.” That seemed to be the right thing to say, as a thoughtful expression passed over Midoriya’s features. “Anyways, enough questioning my moral system, you need to go see a healer. Plus, I think your classmates could use you right now.”

Wilbur gave the boy one last salute before heading towards the exit, humming a soft tune to himself as he shoved his hands into his pockets. He briefly considered going back to grab the unlit TNT, but decided against it. It wasn’t like he had any use for it anyways. He was about to leave, when somebody grabbed onto his wrist. A hero who was dressed in clothes that made Wilbur wonder how she was allowed near children had stopped him, a grin on her lips. “Where do you think you’re going hot stuff?” She purred, making Wilbur’s skin itch. “Well, I have a shift tonight and I’d really hate to be late so I was just going to leave- You guys don’t need my backup anyways.” He sheepishly smiled, hoping she would just let him go. “Oh I don’t think so big boy, Nezu has requested to meet you, and I really can’t say no to him. You know how it is with men, say no one time and they get all prissy~” She laughed, though Wilbur didn’t find it very humorous. No, he was panicking, big time. Who was this Nezu figure? Should he be worried about meeting him?

He was about to make a run for it, when a weird scent hit his nose. A purple mist started to swirl in his field of vision, though whether it was real or not Wilbur wasn’t sure. The world around him started to grow muffled as he felt his knees give out from under him. The last thing he felt was the coarse ground hitting his face, eyes fluttering closed as he felt someone

pull him up. The world went black after that, no sound to be heard save for his own heartbeat for just a second before that too faded.

Familiar Sights

Chapter Summary

Wilbur has a chat with Nezu

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one day? Its more likely than you think
Thank y'all so much for the support, it really warms my heart that people like what I create
I hope y'all enjoy this chapter, I had a lot of fun with it <3

The first thing Wilbur noted when he came back to, was that whatever he was laying on was soft as hell. He couldn't remember the last time he had been this comfortable. The bed in his house was old, the mattress springs pricking in his back whenever he laid down on it. A soft sigh left his lips as he let himself relax against the plush fabric underneath him. Memories of the events that had transpired earlier slowly came back to him, the panic from before returning. He had no idea where he was, or how he got here. All he remembered was speaking to some woman and promptly passing out afterwards. From there on everything was just black.

"I know you're awake, mister Soot." A voice drew out, making Wilbur flinch. He slowly cranked his eyes open, forcing himself up into a sitting position as he turned to face whoever was in the room with him. He came face to face with some kind of bear hybrid, who looked a bit like a younger Fundy. His son had looked a lot more like a fox as a kid, and had only begun to look human around the time Sally left. The bear had a smile on his lips, a cup of tea nursed between his paws. Realising he was staring at the bear's paws for a moment too long, he forced his gaze back to the bear's face.

"Is something the matter?" The bear asked, the smile on his face suggesting he already knew what Wilbur was going to say. He awkwardly cleared his throat, unable to stop the faint smile from spreading across his lips. "Your paws, they remind me of my son's. I'm sorry, that was pretty rude of me, to just stare." That seemed to be different from what the bear was expecting, his lips twitching as he stared into Wilbur's eyes. The curious glint that crossed over the bear's eyes made the hair on Wilbur's neck stand up straight. "Your son?" He inquired, a friendly smile replacing the coy one from before. "Yeah, Fundy. He's... He's great, a good kid. Too smart for his own good." Wilbur's throat felt tight the more he reminisced about his son.

A cup of tea similar to the one the bear was sipping from was slid towards him, which Wilbur gratefully took. Taking a few sips, he allowed himself to remember his past for a moment. He knew he hadn't always been a good father. Of course he had tried his best, but he just wasn't fit to be a dad. He was too young, too immature, too focused on other things. Fundy was probably better off without him around. The thought made the tea turn bitter on his tongue, which was ironic since he couldn't properly taste the tea in the first place.

"You are a curious case, Mister Soot." The bear broke through the silence after a few moments. "According to my findings, you do not exist. You have no paper trail. No birth certificate, no school records, no criminal record... Nothing. It is almost like you just appeared one day." He paused to take a sip from his tea, though Wilbur suspected it was just to see Wilbur squirm a bit longer. "During the attack we lost contact with the USJ. You can imagine my surprise when we finally got eyes on the situation again only to see a man nobody knew of to be challenging an army of villains all on his own. What you did was highly dangerous, Mister Soot, and not to mention incredibly illegal." Wilbur felt like he was being told off by Phil for sneaking out, flashback of his sixteen year old self mopping around for hours afterwards swimming around his mind.

"Yet, if you had not interfered, things could have gotten a lot more ugly. From what we know, the mutant they called Nomu was specifically built to kill All Might. Had any other hero, or gods forbid, a student gone up against it, death would be the ultimate outcome. So, I wish to thank you for your help." Wilbur blinked, a bit surprised by the sudden change of pace. The bear widely grinned, looking like he knew exactly what he was putting Wilbur through. "My name is Nezu, I'm the principal of UA. You saved the lives of my students, and of one of my teachers, Eraserhead. Though just because I am grateful for your actions does not mean I do not have any questions for you. You are an interesting case, Mister Soot." Nezu announced, climbing on top of the table to be on eye level with Wilbur.

"It's uh, a pleasure to meet you sir. And you're welcome, I guess? I don't feel like I did a whole lot in that situation though, to be honest with you. I was just stalling for time." Wilbur sheepishly smiled, rubbing the back of his neck. The praise for his actions didn't feel quite right when he had literally threatened to blow up the students. "No need for modesty Mister Soot! Now, if you would not mind answering some questions for me?" Nezu got back in his seat, eyes shining as he sipped his tea. "Let's make a deal. I answer your questions, and you make sure my name doesn't get written in any report." Just handing over information without there being anything in it for him was dangerous. He was taught better than that. Years of hanging around people like Schlatt and Dream had left him with too many trust issues to just willingly hand over important information. "I can certainly do that!" Nezu nodded, the pair shaking on the deal.

So, Wilbur told Nezu the truth. Maybe it wasn't smart, but... something about Nezu reminded him so much of his old home that he just couldn't stop the words from spilling out of his mouth. He told him about arriving on the Dream SMP, about building dumb buildings just to entertain himself and his adoptive brother. About Schlatt getting banned, about the drug van. He retold the tale of L'manberg, how he had started a rebellion and managed to start up his own nation. He went over the election, over what had happened in Pogtopia. Told him about his spiraling, about how it felt that everybody had betrayed him. His son burnt down the flag of the nation Wilbur had built for him, one of his old friends exiled him, his

own right hand man not agreeing with his plans... His voice was growing shaky by the time he reached the final act of his story. A soft, melancholic smile played on his lips as he remembered how the room had looked, what words he had said before Phil had walked in, the feeling of the button under his fingers when he pushed it... He told Nezu about how he died. How he asked his own father to stab him, and how his father had complied.

“Next thing I know, I wake up on top of a building I’ve never seen before in a world that looks way different than my own. Like, don’t get me wrong, I’ve seen a lot of different worlds. Tournament worlds, modded worlds, survival worlds... This server is just so different to anything else I’ve ever seen. Nothing here makes sense. Plus, the players here are all so... Plain looking? You’re one of the first real hybrids I’ve seen in the two months I’ve been here. It’s refreshing to finally see something a bit familiar, if I’m honest with you.” Wilbur ended his ramble there, wiping his eyes before any tears dared to fall. Nezu had been silently listening, intently drinking his tea as Wilbur recounted the events that had led him here.

“That is... quite something. You have led an interesting life to say the least, Mister Soot. I knew you would be interesting, but you have proven to be even more of an adventure than I had expected!” Nezu cheerily said, making Wilbur chuckle. That was one way of putting it. “I do not fully understand how you could have ended up here, but by the sounds of it, you are not supposed to be here. I wonder where you are supposed to be right now, but I doubt we will find an answer to that any time soon. You are technically dead in your own world, and do not exist in ours. What an enigma you are.” The bear went on, his features pulling into a pensive look.

“I have an offer for you, Mister Soot. With how badly injured Eraserhead was during the attack, I think he could use a teaching assistant. I have seen how you handled the attack, and I see potential in you. So, I want to offer you the job of assisting Eraserhead while he recovers from his injuries. Accept the offer, and I will get your paperwork sorted out. I cannot imagine it is easy to live in our world when on paper you don’t exist.” Nezu always spoke like he already knew the punchline of the joke he was told, Wilbur noticed. He didn’t necessarily dislike it, but it reminded him a bit too much of how some people he didn’t want to think about.

“I’m not a hero though, Mister Nezu. I don’t have a license. Hell, I’ve never even been to a proper school before. Phil homeschooled me.” Wilbur wasn’t sure he was cut out for the job. He was an unstable ex-terrorist who’s only experience with kids was a son he failed and two pseudo-adoptive brothers he had betrayed before dying. Not a great track record. “I said I would get your paperwork sorted, you being unlicensed will not be a problem. And a little birdy told me you do just fine with children. Young Midoriya seems to think so, atleast.” Nezu gave him a smirk that reminded him of the Cheshire Cat, making Wilbur scoff. “That kid is too nice for his own good. I threatened to blow him up and he forgave me after I apologized once. Need to smack some sense into him.” Wilbur remarked, making the bear across from him laugh. “You will get along with Eraserhead just fine, Mister Soot. I cannot wait to see how this turns out.” With that, Nezu finally finished off the cup of tea he had been drinking for a solid half an hour by now.

Conversations

Chapter Summary

A collection of snippets from the time leading up to Wilbur's new teaching gig

Chapter Notes

this chapter is basically a set up for future arcs :)

again thank y'all so much for all the support, I'm so glad you are all enjoying this fic <3

Wilbur wasn't entirely sure why he decided to visit Aizawa in the hospital. It was a few days after the attack, and apparently the man hadn't woken up yet. Even though Wilbur barely knew him, he still felt a bit concerned about the man. Walking through the sterile walls of the hospital, a sinking feeling settled in his stomach. Something about the way healing worked on this server made his skin crawl. Why did it take so long? Sure, respawning could take a while and healing pots needed time to start working, but never multiple days. It certainly motivated Wilbur to never get too low on health.

He paused in front of the door of the room he had been told belonged to Aizawa. Checking the little tag stuck to the wooden surface just to make sure he was at the right room, he took a deep breath. He didn't bother to knock on the door, a nurse having informed him on his way in that Aizawa was still asleep. Sliding the door closed behind him, his breath hitched at the state the other man was in. Not an inch of his skin was visible, bandages covering him from head to toe. He took a few cautious steps towards the man, sitting down on one of the folding chairs propped up besides the bed. The only sound that filled the room was the steady beeping of the heart monitor across from where Wilbur was seated.

"You look like shit, old man. That thing really messed you up, huh? You put up a good fight though. Apparently that thing was meant to kill All Might, yet you managed to withstand multiple hits from it. That's impressive man!" Wilbur felt incredibly out of place, but he kept talking. He wasn't sure why, but he felt the need to voice his thoughts, even if Aizawa couldn't hear them. "I didn't realise you were their teacher at first. Thought you were just some madlad who overestimated himself. Man did you prove me wrong! The way you fought... It was easy to see you were fighting to protect something. Kept skittishly looking back, as if you had to keep an eye on something there. Doubt anybody else noticed though. The lot of them weren't that trained, I can tell you that much. Pretty sure I saw a bloke trip over his own feet on the way through the portal." Wilbur chuckled, gaze growing unfocused for a moment as he tried to remember.

“But, you did what you wanted to do. You kept your students safe. All of them are fine, by the way. Last one got discharged from the hospital two days ago. No lasting injuries, whatever that means. I’m still a bit new to all this medical lingo, hope you don’t mind.” The man didn’t respond, though Wilbur didn’t need him to. His gaze shifted to the flowers sitting in a vase on Aizawa’s nightstand. “I was going to bring you flowers, but... it’s a bit cliché, innit? I got you something else though! Now, don’t laugh.” Wilbur murmured, digging through his pockets.

He had gone on a walk a few days ago, down the same beach he had met Midoriya at. The entire area was clean, which was a bit surprising. Midoriya had really outdone himself with cleaning it. Anyways, during his walk, a peculiar rock had caught his eyes. The bright blue colour almost reminded him of lapis, though the shape wasn’t quite right. “Once, when I was having a really bad day, Tommy gave me a piece of lapis and told me to calm myself. And I know that it’s a placebo and that the lapis probably wasn’t anything special, but... It helped me feel a lot better. Now, this server doesn’t have lapis, so this is the closest thing. It’s just a stupid little thing and you can make fun of me for it later, but I just thought you might get use out of it, considering... Yeah.” Wilbur awkwardly placed the stone beside the vase.

Turning his gaze back to the sleeping man, a sigh escaped his lips. “You have to wake up man. Your students are worried sick about you. Hell, even the other teachers looked worried as hell when I passed by them. They miss you. I know that you need time to heal, and that you deserve to rest after everything you did for them, but at least give them a sign you’re alive. Otherwise you’re a bastard and I’ll revive you myself.” A playful smile rested on his lips as he stood up, making his way towards the door. He paused for a moment, looking over his shoulder at Aizawa. “You’re a good hero, mister Aizawa. It’ll be an honour to work besides you.”

-x-x-x-

Nezu requested for Wilbur to come down to UA a few days after his visit to the hospital, claiming he needed him to sign some papers. The UA building towered over him as he walked up to the entrance, the architecture making even a tall man like him feel tiny. It felt familiar in a way though, partially because of the angular style used. Had this been built on the Dream SMP, it wouldn’t have been all too out of place. Wilbur realised that this was the first time a building actually looked somewhat familiar. That thought made his chest tighten in an unpleasant way for just a moment, though he didn’t allow himself to wallow in the feeling for too long. He had a meeting to attend.

The halls of UA were like a maze to Wilbur, and he spent a solid ten minutes just aimlessly wandering through the building trying to figure out where Nezu’s office was. Turns out he took a wrong turn upon entering, and had just been walking in circles since then. Huffing to himself, he gently knocked on the door, entering once a cheery noise announced that it was open. “Good morning mister Soot! You are right on time. Now, have a seat and grab a cup of tea, we have a lot to discuss!” Nezu sounded chipper as ever. Wilbur was much less of a morning person than the bear, but did try his best to keep up his good mood. Plopping down on the couch, he poured himself a warm cup of tea before properly settling down in his seat.

“I need you to sign these forms, after which you will officially be a resident of Japan and a teacher at UA!” Nezu slid a small stack of papers across the table, holding a pen out towards Wilbur. Taking the pen, Wilbur briefly scanned over the pages presented to him. He doubted Nezu would pull anything sneaky, but still wanted the peace of mind to know he at least checked before signing. Everything seemed fine to him, so he signed his name at the bottom of the page. Wilbur liked to think his handwriting wasn’t messy, but it wasn’t quite neat either. It was loopy, and a weird mix of cursive and free letters. Looking down at the pen in his hand, a glimpse of his past passed through his mind, a flash of signing the declaration of independence making his chest feel warm. It was a waste he had given the book to Tubbo before dying. He missed reading the messy pages describing their wishes for freedom.

Once all the forms were checked over and signed, Nezu got up from his seat to put them away. “I have more good news for you! Eraserhead will be returning to teaching on Monday.” He announced as he pulled open one of the file cabinet drawers. Wilbur let out a humm in surprise. “Already? I was told he’d be out of the teaching game for at least a month.” He questioned, still unsure about how the health system worked on this server. “A normal human would indeed need much more time to heal, but I fear Eraserhead is a very stubborn man who refuses to allow himself to rest. Which is where you come in. I want you to support him as best as you can. I am aware you do not know much about the academic side of things, but I think Eraserhead has that covered himself. It is more the... social side of things where I think you can help him. 1A is an interesting class with a lot of big characters who can be a bit much at times. I think somebody like you, who has experience with dealing with so many colourful characters could help Eraserhead keep them under control a bit better now that he is not running at full capacity.” Nezu calmly explained as he returned to his seat.

“I see. So I’m basically a glorified babysitter?” Wilbur chuckled, nodding a bit to himself. “If you wish to put it that way, then yes.” Nezu sounded somehow even more amused than usual, which Wilbur took as a good sign. “Well, it wouldn’t be my first time babysitting rowdy teenagers. I managed to keep two chaotic gremlins with pyromanicinal tendencies alive, how hard can twenty more be?” He softly laughed, Nezu chuckling along with him. “The more you speak about your past, the more curious about your world I grow, Mister Soot.” Nezu commented as he took a sip from his tea. “Call me Wilbur, please Mister Nezu. Makes me feel old when people call me Soot.” Wilbur requested, resulting in a humm coming from said bear. “Only if you refer to me as Nezu too. I think there is no need for formalities between us over tea. Tea has no need for honour fics and titles.” Nezu mused, Wilbur humming in agreement. “I’ll drink to that.”

-X-X-X-

The first time Wilbur ran into a villain in the wild was that same day he had his meeting with Nezu. On his way home, he decided to take the long route home for once, which meant he had to go through a somewhat rough looking part of town. He passed by a poorly lit alley when he heard it. A feminine sounding scream. Turning to peer down the alley, he spotted two figures near the back end of the area. A taller male was towering over a covering woman, threatening her with what looked like a knife. She was holding out her purse. “Oi, cut that shit out mate. Give her that purse back. I know times are rough, but stealing from other

struggling people isn't going to help you mate." Wilbur called out, rushing down the alley. The thief was clearly caught off guard by the sudden interference, freezing in his spot. The woman saw her chance to get out, rushing past Wilbur and yelling a quick 'Thank you!' over her shoulder before booking it.

Wilbur took a moment to observe the man in front of him. Hell, calling him a man was a stretch, he barely looked over eighteen with how skinny he was. Chewing on his cheek for a moment, Wilbur made a decision. "Stop looking so freaked out kid, I'm not reporting you to anybody. You can relax. Now c'mon, you look like you could use a meal. There's a good noodle place just down the street. My treat." Wilbur offered his hand to the trembling villain across from him, who just stared at him wide eyed. "Why... Why aren't you calling a hero? I just tried to mug that woman! Couldn't even do that right..." Wilbur had a feeling he wasn't meant to hear that last part, and decided not to comment on it. "Because you clearly didn't want to do it. Desperation leads men to do things they will later regret. Anything to stay alive. I'm not going to fault you for trying to survive. Now c'mon, it's cold as shit out here." He flashed the villain a smile, his chest growing warm when the man hesitantly smiled back.

The kid turned out to be nineteen, a dropout who ran away from a bad household. He scarfed down two bowls of noodles before Wilbur could get a word out of him, though Wilbur didn't mind. If anything, he was glad the kid was at least eating. It also wasn't like he couldn't afford it; Even though Wilbur liked to look like a homeless man, he made enough from his barista job to provide for himself and have some cash left over. Due to his health system working differently than that of the rest of this server, he had to eat a lot less than others did, which was great for his wallet.

They talked for a while, Wilbur enjoying the company of the kid, who he learned was called Haru. And by the looks of it, Haru thought the same thing; A small smile had been on the teen's lips ever since he entered the noodle shop. By the time they were leaving, the once hesitant quirk in his lips had grown into a full blown grin. "Next time you think you have to resort to that, come to me. Please. I don't want you to get locked up for some petty shit like this." Wilbur ruffled Haru's hair, giving the teen his address before they split off. He truly hoped Haru would listen to his words, though he knew that might just be hopeful thinking.

Two days later, he was roughly awoken by rapid knocking coming from his front door. Blearily checking his communicator for the time, he found that it was three o'clock. Who the hell was at his door on a Wednesday morning at three? He rolled out of bed, shuffling towards the door. When he opened the door, the last thing he was expecting was a panicked looking Haru to be standing on his doorstep barely supporting a bleeding woman. "I-I didn't know who else to go to! I found her in- in the house I was staying in and- and-" Haru fumbled over his words, clearly freaked the hell out. "Shit, get her on the couch!" Wilbur stepped aside to let the pair in, rushing to the kitchen to get the first aid kit. He had bought it on a whim after he had seen the state Aizawa had been in, just in case this server affected his health too.

Returning to the pair of teenagers, he crouched down next to the couch to get a good look at what he was dealing with. "Okay, it doesn't look too deep... You are very lucky I watched some first aid videos yesterday." Wilbur murmured as he got to work. Again, his paranoia about how healing worked on this server had led him down a frantic internet searching

session. He had learnt a lot about how people heal on this server, which was probably the only reason this woman was going to live.

His stitching was messy, but it did the trick. He stuck a large bandaid over it, not really sure if it would do anything but he had seen it on the internet and the internet would never lie to him. His blue fingers were covered in red, a brief memory of the last time he had seen so much blood making his stomach churn. “She’ll be fine, just needs to rest now. You did good Haru.” Wilbur spoke up as he slowly straightened up, heading towards the kitchen to rinse off his hands. He heard a loud sigh of relief come from Haru as the boy sank down against the wall, head resting against his knees. “Nope, no sleeping on the floor. Take my bed.” Wilbur called out as he dried his hands, chuckling at the stunned expression crossing Haru’s features. He watched the boy silently head down the hall, leaving Wilbur alone with the passed out girl. He threw a blanket he didn’t even know he owned over her before settling down at the kitchen table, knowing himself well enough to know that he wouldn’t be getting anymore sleep tonight.

Haru had returned by the time the girl woke up, the three of them eating breakfast together as if nothing about the situation was odd. Wilbur didn’t ask any questions, knowing he wouldn’t be getting any answers. He simply told the girl to be careful with her wound, and extended the same offer he had given Haru to her, that she could come to him any time she was in trouble. She looked too young to be on the streets, and it pained Wilbur’s heart to let her leave. At least she was sticking with Haru for the time being. That eased Wilbur’s worries just a bit.

Somehow, word spread amongst the community about Wilbur’s actions. He wasn’t quite sure what had warranted it, but he couldn’t complain. As the week went on, he often ended up eating dinner alongside at least one stranger. By now they even knew his preferred hang out spot, some coming up to his roof just to have a chat. Most were young, barely out of high school, though some older people did occasionally stop by. Wilbur talked with them, heard out their stories, and provided them with comfort where needed. In turn, he learnt a lot about how the system of this server worked. About how badly it failed those it was meant to protect. It made him angry that such a large group was left to fend for themselves. He wished he could change it for them, to give them the world they deserved. He didn’t share his thoughts with them, knowing better than to share wishful thinking. Giving people false hope was cruel. Changing the world was harder than it looked. Wilbur would know.

So he listened. He let them scream at him until their voices were hoarse, cry until their tears ran dry, let them vent out all their frustrations to him. He was no therapist, nor was he trying to be. What he was trying to be, was a friend. And man did these people need it. Everybody just labelled them as villains when the only crime most of them had committed was developing a quirk society didn’t like. Whoever decided to make some quirks seem inherently bad deserved to get punted, in Wilbur’s unbiased opinion.

As the week grew to an end, Wilbur was once again on his roof, watching the stars move above him. He watched somebody run by below him, smiling to himself when he heard the figure holler a quick ‘night mister Soot!’ up at him. He shot a salute down at the figure, chucking when he received one back. Looking back up at the sky, his lips wobbled for a moment. “If you could see me right now, would you be proud of me Phil?” He whispered. A

lone crow flew through the sky, its caws getting carried along by the wind. A wet chuckle left Wilbur's throat as he wiped his eyes. He couldn't wait for Monday to arrive.

Some Notes

Chapter Summary

Wilbur's first day as a teacher. He makes some notes.

Chapter Notes

Ello again mates! This is the longest chapter yet, and also took me the longest to write lol.

I've gotten the question on whether Wilbur might be a bit too nice in this fic, and I wanted to properly clear it up real quick now that I've got the chance. c!Wilbur started off as a nice and kind man who wanted to create a free nation for his friends and his son. Once his nation was ripped from him and people started to betray him left and right, he started to spiral. I don't like calling him evil, since it's pretty clear he wasn't in the right state of mind at this point, especially around the fesitval arc and the final war. He becomes obsessed with getting rid of L'manberg, convinced it's the root of all the pain and hurt he's experiencing. So, once he has hit the button and watched his nation fall, his obsession his fulfilled. He slayed the dragon.

Then he wakes up in a foreign server with no clue where he is. Now is where he starts to act nicer, with the motivation that you catch more flies with honey than with vinegar. Being rude and apprehensive will make him appear suspicious and could blow his cover. So, he acts more friendly and nice. It's up to the reader to decide how much of this is an act, a front or a coping mechanism.

Just wanted to clear up my reasoning behind it :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

While Wilbur would never admit it, he found himself to be quite nervous as he got ready that fateful monday morning. Dressed in his trusty yellow sweater and worn coat, he gave himself a quick one over in the mirror. Running a hand through his hair, he scrunched up his nose a bit at his findings. "You're fucking with me..." He muttered to himself, stepping closer to the mirror. Shiny threads of grey hair were starting to streak his hair, though it wasn't too visible just yet. A loud groan left his throat as he shoved his usual beanie over his head. Of course he was going grey at age twenty four, because the universe liked to rub it in his face that he was dealing with a lot of stress. One of these days, Wilbur was going to figure out what kind of sadistic person ran this server, and it wasn't going to be pretty.

UA was a lot less empty than it had been the last time when Wilbur had stopped by, early students and teachers alike scattered through the halls. He didn't really know any of the other teachers, and saying hi to random teenagers sounded a bit sus. So, he quietly scurried through the halls, still struggling to get familiar with the layout of the building. He found the teacher's lounge within ten minutes, which he was very proud of. Making sure his beanie was on right, he slowly slid open the door, stepping inside with as much confidence as he could muster up that early on in the day.

He wasn't the first teacher to arrive, about a handful of them already being sat at the various desks scattered around the room. A familiar banana haired man was leaning over one of the desks to speak with a woman he vaguely recognised though he couldn't quite place where he had seen her. An uneasy silence hung in the air as Wilbur was stared down by multiple heroes who looked one second away from forcefully escorting him off of the premise.

"Hi, I'm Wilbur Soot. I'm the new... teacher's assistant? I was hired to help Mister Eraserhead until he fully recovers..." Wilbur loved being the centre of attention, except in situations like these, where people were actively analysing every single part of him to assess whether he was lying or not. He hated being analysed. "Eraserhead got an assistant? Oh he's going to have a field day with that! Mister lonewolf got an assistant! Ha! This is gold!" The banana haired man exclaimed, his laughter breaking the leftover tension still in the room. Wilbur didn't know what the man meant, but just laughed along to be polite.

Wilbur awkwardly hovered near the door for a moment, unsure what he was supposed to do. He barely understood the purpose of a teacher's lounge in the first place. Why would the teachers need a place to lounge? This server made no sense. Everywhere he went, he found more differences between his home server and this one. Before he allowed his thoughts to spiral, he made his way over to the small counter where a half full pot of coffee was practically calling his name.

"Could you pour me a cup as well while you're at it?" A gruff voice called out, making Wilbur pause. He cast a quick look around the room, eyes landing on the familiar mummy that was Aizawa. The man was still covered in bandages, and his arms were both in slings. It really didn't look like he was ready to go back to teaching. "Sure thing mate." He answered, grabbing two cups from the cupboards. If his hands were shaking ever so slightly, he pretended he didn't notice.

He brought the cup over to Aizawa, briefly wondering how the hell the man was going to drink it in the first place. "I think you probably heard me earlier, but I'm Wilbur. I'll be joining your classes today to help out wherever needed." He murmured as he put the cup down. The man let out a scoff, probably frowning underneath all those bandages, Wilbur couldn't tell. "Just stay out of my way. I already told Nezu I'm fine to teach. I don't need some kid to breathe down my neck all day. I've got enough problem children as it is." He grumbled. Wilbur sighed. Man, today was going to be a long day at this rate.

He followed Aizawa to the 1A classroom a few minutes before the bell rang, settling for staying silent as his new coworker didn't seem like the chatty type. Though, he could partially understand Aizawa's annoyance. Being forced to work together with someone you barely know when you work best alone must be quite annoying. Still, it wasn't like Wilbur had had much of a choice in the matter. They both just had to make the best of it for the time being.

As they approached the classroom, soft chattering could be heard coming from inside of the room. Most students must've come early, since by the amount of voices Wilbur could identify there were at least fifteen different people all talking amongst themselves, with more possibly silently present. All of the chattering came to a grinding halt as Aizawa slid open the door, heading straight towards his desk at the front of the room. A few students hurried to sit down, the sound of their chairs scraping against the wooden floor making Wilbur want to cringe.

"Settle down class." Aizawa called out, even though most students were already quiet. "It's good to see that you are all unharmed after the USJ attack. I hope none of you took my week of absence for granted, and that you kept up with your training, because Principal Nezu has decided that the annual Sports Festival is going through as planned. Canceling the event would be giving into the villains, in Nezu's opinion." He explained as Wilbur took a seat. A spare desk had been placed in the back of the classroom for him. Wilbur was grateful he didn't have to sit near Aizawa's own desk, since the man would probably just glare at him for most of the day.

"As you might have noticed, we have a new... person, joining the class. Wilbur Soot over there will be helping me out until Nezu declares my healing process finished." Aizawa introduced him, Wilbur doing a joking salute with a wide grin. "Just pretend like I'm not here, I'm just here to help out whenever needed." He met Midoriya's eyes for a moment, wiggling his eyebrows for just a moment. The confused smile he got back made him chuckle.

As Aizawa started to teach, Wilbur pulled a notebook from his inventory. There wasn't much he could do while the other man taught, so he decided to scribble down his thoughts on the students, just to keep himself busy. His gaze slid across the room, quill hovering above the first page of his book. The list of student names he had been given by Nezu rested beside his book, listing both their names and quirks. He hummed to himself as he copied down their names, and got to work. The following were his most noteworthy findings:

-Tenya Ida, Engine: I've been observing this class for barely a day and already this kid has yelled about other students breaking the rules on four separate occasions. Sticking to the rules is fine, but becoming obsessed with them worries me. What if on the battlefield you have to break a rule to save somebody? All is fair in war, afterall. He needs to ease up a bit, otherwise he's going to freeze up in the field.

-Ochaco Uraraka, Zero Gravity: She reminds me of Niki in a way, appearing pretty nonthreatening while definitely having the ability to kill a man. With her quirk not being very combat oriented, some hand to hand combat training couldn't hurt. I bet she'd be great with a sword; Niki was too. ~~I miss her~~

-Mashirao Ojio, Tail: I've been told he's good at hand to hand combat, which is great. He seems like a more quiet character, but observant. I've caught him eyeing me multiple times during the day. He just needs to learn to be a bit sneakier, then I think he'll do just fine. Maybe learn to use a weapon too, just in case.

-Denki Kaminari, Electrification: He reminds me of Tubbo, in a way. He's a chaotic kid, but is a good kid underneath it all. I think he's dyslexic too; overheard him describe how he struggled to read a page to one of his friends and it sounds similar to how Tubbo used to describe his issues with reading. Maybe get him books using dyslexic friendly fonts. Keep a close eye on him, I have a feeling all he needs is a bit of extra support to excel in this class.

-Koji Koda, Anivoice: Getting him a communicator could make it a lot easier for him to communicate with the rest of his peers. Allowing him to use text-to-speech or written texts in class seems only logical, but I haven't seen him use any of those yet. Is it by choice? I'm not sure. ~~I wish I had been closer to Callahan, maybe then I would know more about how to approach this problem~~

-Shoto Todoroki, Half-Cold, Half-Hot: Something about the way he carries himself reminds me of how Quackity and Tubbo behaved when they worked under Schlatt, all quiet and observant, waiting for the second shoe to drop. He flinches a lot, too. Keep a close eye on this one. I can't figure out just what makes him so on edge at all times, but it can't be good. Might be a leftover issue from whatever gave him that scar? Tubbo acted similarly around Techno for weeks after the festival. Maybe whoever gave him that scar is still actively in his life, causing him to be in a constant state of fight or flight? Maybe I am looking too deep into it.

-Katsuki Bakugou, Explosion: Where to even start with this one... At first I thought he was like Tommy; A bit rude and brash, but well meaning and kind underneath it all. Boy was I wrong. He sees himself as better than everybody else in 1A and isn't afraid to tell them. There is nothing heroic about looking down on your peers. He also keeps going on about becoming the new number one, while the goal of becoming a hero should be to save lives. I have my doubts about his chances of being a hero. The last thing people need right now are heroes who are only in it for the glory. Heroes with the mindset that Bakugo has is the whole reason those villains attacked the USJ. This kid needs a reality check, and fast.

-Izuku Midoriya, Strength Enhancement: Midoriya is a bright kid with a good heart. I've known him for a while, and I know he is giving it his all to be here. That being said, he needs to be kept away from Bakugou. Any time Bakugou moves too quickly, the kid flinches like he's expecting a hit, a sign he has clearly been hit by the kid before. He doesn't flinch around anybody else. Same with the sound of Bakugo's smaller explosions when he is frustrated. Move Midoriya to a different seat.

-Minoru Mineta, Pop Off: In the wise words of Philza Minecraft, he deserves to be punted. I've seen him harass multiple female students during the day. He is clearly not fit to be a hero unless he changes up his act real soon. Next time I catch him in the act, I can't promise I can stay calm.

-Momo Yaoyorozu, Creation: Finally, a quirk that is familiar! She is basically in creative mode, but needs to know the crafting recipes to create anything. Act calm and collected, but from how she behaves around other students with flashier quirks, I get the feeling she doubts her own quirk a bit. Worth keeping an eye on.

As the students started to leave the classroom after the final bell, Wilbur ripped the freshly written pages out of his notebook, and strolled up to Aizawa's desk. He dropped the small stack of papers on the wooden surface, his face pulled into a controlled blank expression. "I made notes on your students. You probably already know most of what I wrote, as you've

known them for longer, but maybe a second opinion couldn't hurt." He explained, his lips curling up into a soft smile. Aizawa looked down at the papers, a soft noise of agreement coming from his throat. "I'll read them, thank you. And I... appreciate your help. I will not be here tomorrow as All Might is running a daylong hero training tomorrow, and Nezu thinks I'm not healed up enough for helping out with those yet. I would... appreciate it, if you could help him out. All Might is a good man, but... He has a long way to go as a teacher." Aizawa sighed into his bandages. Wilbur chuckled softly to himself, nodding a few times. "You are aware that I'm also a new teacher, right?" He joked, drawing a gruff chuckle from the hero. "Yes, but you seem to have at least some degree of common sense. All Might doesn't." Wilbur couldn't help but laugh at that. "Don't worry Mister Aizawa, I'll make sure the number one hero doesn't do anything too crazy. Babysitting people with little to no common sense is basically second nature to me by now."

On his way out of UA, he ran into Midoriya, who was chatting with some of his friends near the exit of the building. "Ayup mates." Wilbur grinned, doing a mock salute as he approached them. "Hi Wilbur! Guys, this is the guy I was telling you about, the one who stopped Shigaraki from disintegrating Tsu." Midoriya moved his hands a lot when he spoke, Wilbur noticed. He looked around the small group now all staring at him, an awkward chuckle leaving his lips. He was about to say something, when Asui herself beat him to it.

"Thank you, by the way. I don't think it would have ended well for me if you hadn't stepped in, even if you did threaten to blow us all up." That made the guy beside her let out a loud gasp, immediately launching into a rant about how that was not a very heroic thing to do. "I'm just glad you kids made it out okay. And indeed, it wasn't a very heroic thing for me to do, but I never did say I was a hero, now did I? You can relax Ida, I didn't break any hero codes of honour or anything." Wilbur laughed, shaking his head a bit. "You're not a hero? But... I thought all teachers at UA were heroes?" Uraraka spoke up, making Wilbur hesitate for a moment. "Let's keep it at, I'm an exception to that rule. I promise I'm more than qualified to be here though." Wilbur lied through his teeth.

Chapter End Notes

If you want, you can also find me on different platforms!

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/yeet3ms>

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Training Day

Chapter Summary

Wilbur stages a training exercise

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a bit messier than usual as I'm not great at writing fight scenes, I hope it's not too bothersome :)

Again thanks for all the support <3

Getting to see a hero training exercise was a wild experience in Wilbur's opinion. First off, all the students were dressed in the brightest neons he had ever seen, which once again made him wonder how anyone could manage to be sneaky wearing practically fucking luminescent colours. He was just supposed to watch the kids train, All Might doing all of the actual teaching. The hero was taller than Wilbur had expected, now that he was standing side by side by him. Even the number one hero wore a costume Wilbur could only describe as slightly tacky. Now, let it be known that Wilbur was in no way qualified to make any judgement calls about other people's fashion sense, but a spandex bodysuit just seemed a bit cliché. He looked like he was straight out of a comic book, but in a bad way.

Wilbur's arms were folded behind his back as he listened to All Might explain the basic premise of the training. It seemed pretty cut and dry in Wilbur's opinion; All Might paired all the students up in duos. Every duo would go up against another duo in a sparring round, after which the pairs would be shuffled again and they'd sparr again. While Wilbur would have probably not made the pairings as random as All Might was making them, he did agree that it was a good practise to fight alongside somebody who's quirk might not necessarily work with yours.

He watched a few matches, trying to keep himself from intervening too much. It was obvious a lot of these kids relied on their quirks too much. Barely any of them even knew how to throw a proper punch, or take one for that matter. As he watched Bakugou brute force his way through another match without even bothering to use a singular attack that did not use his quirk, Wilbur decided he had had enough. He closed his notebook, and walked over to All Might. He had an idea, but probably needed the actual teacher's permission before going through with it.

“Hey mister All Might? I have an exercise I’d like to walk by you.” Wilbur grinned, excited to share his ideas. Maybe he could knock some sense into these kids. “Nezu mentioned that for training you sometimes stage villain attacks, right? Well, I want to do just that, except nobody can use quirks. It’ll push the kids to be more resourceful. I’ll... play the villain. My quirk is not that strong, so it’ll barely give me an advantage.” He had to stop himself from bouncing in his spot. A pensive expression crossed All Might’s features as he considered it. “Well, that does sound like it would be good for the students to learn... Fine! Would you like to explain it to the students?” He questioned, making Wilbur’s grin widen. “Sure thing, mister All Might.”

That’s how Wilbur found himself standing on the top floor of one of the buildings on the training grounds. The students were split up into groups of four, with Wilbur having made the groups this time around. He had made them as balanced as possible. The groups were as follows: Bakugo, Aoyama, Sero and Iida, Uraraka, Shoji, Ojiro and Yaoyorozu, Midoriya, Asui, Mina and Kirishima, Hagakure, Kaminari, Tokoyami and Satou, and finally Jirou, Mina, Kouda and Mineta.

The exercise was slightly altered, just to make it a bit more ‘challenging’ for the kids, in All Might’s opinion. While Wilbur was slightly peeved that All Might thought he would let himself get captured easily, he still went along with it. The students had ten minutes to either subdue Wilbur, or save the hostage he was keeping. The hostage in this situation was All Might, who was sitting tied to a chair, looking as cheery as ever. Wilbur, always one for dramatics, had placed a few pieces of TNT around, just to finish off the scene. As a loud horn rang through the training grounds, the exercise started.

For some reason, there were speakers hung throughout the building. All Might said they were for monitoring purposes, so they could verbally intervene in case anything went wrong. Wilbur just found it mighty convenient, and asked for access to them. Once his communicator was hooked up to the speakers, Wilbur started the show. If he was to play a villain, he was going to do it right.

“Hello there heroes! I, Wilbur Soot, have taken your precious little Number one hostage! Now, I know that might be a bit upsetting, and that you’re probably already on your way to save him. Just know that I’ll be waiting for you, and if I see even just one trace of any of you using your quirks, I will press this pretty little button here. And you don’t want to know what happens when I hit the button. I can give you a hint though; It involves some redstone, a button and enough explosions to level this city! I’d hurry if I were you, I tend to push buttons when I’m bored~” Wilbur practically sang into his communicator, adrenaline pumping through his veins as he pulled his trusty crossbow from his inventory. All Might looked a lot less cheery, his concerned gaze meeting Wilbur’s theatrical crazed ones. “I told you, I make a great villain.” He laughed as he left the room, off to hunt down the first group of students sent after him.

The first group was not a group that necessarily worried Wilbur. Iida and Bakugo were good at fighting, but both relied on their quirk too much. Sero was a bit clumsy, and Aoyama just wasn’t a fighter. They could easily win though, if they just worked together. The four of them could overpower Wilbur, or they could split up and keep him busy with one part of the group while the others took care of the hostage. The thing was, that Wilbur knew this group

wouldn't be able to pull either of those tricks off, just because that would require teamwork, and from what he had seen from these four students, teamwork was not their specialty.

As Wilbur made his way through the halls of the building, he made sure to knock over some of the abandoned furniture to create obstacles, both to make it harder for the students to reach the hostage within the time limit, and to give him places to take cover just in case. He briefly checked how many arrows he had left, and made sure only to use his nonlethal ones with stumped down tips. He didn't want to harm any of the students. Not lastingly, anyways.

True to Wilbur's predictions, the group wasn't working together all too well, their loud arguing being audible across multiple floors. From the snippets Wilbur caught, Bakugo had gone rogue, with Iida hot on his tail to stop him. Sero and Aoyama were sticking together. Looking down at the roll of tape still in his inventory, he decided to take out the latter duo first, since they were easier to deal with. Pulling up the layout of the building on his communicator, he managed to just barely dodge Iida and Bakugo, and instead ran straight into Sero and Aoyama. They tried their best, but Wilbur was simply better. He rammed Aoyama against a wall, causing the boy to slink to the floor in defeat. Wilbur was pretty sure the kid was being dramatic, as he hadn't even hit him that hard, but didn't have the time to ponder it too long.

Sero put up a bit more of a fight, but failed to pay attention to his surroundings. He stumbled over something, after which it only took one swift kick for Wilbur to topple the boy. He left both boys taped to each other, softly 'tsk'-ing to himself as he dusted off his hands. "Good effort lads, but you'll need to train a lot more if you want to beat an actual villain without your quirks!" He chuckled, grabbing Chekov's gun from where he had haphazardly thrown it down during the fight.

Finding Iida and Bakugo wasn't too hard, the two still stuck in a screaming match just a few halls away from where All Might was tied up. Wilbur hummed to himself as he watched the two yell at each other, briefly checking the time left for the exercise. One minute. Looking back at the teens, he realised he might as well just let them tire each other out. But where was the fun in that? "Jesus you two argue more than me and Tommy do! That's almost impressive!" Wilbur drew out, laughing as he stepped towards them.

"I'm going to kill you!" Bakugo practically screamed, glowering at the taller man. Wilbur stared him down, unimpressed by what he was seeing. "You think you have what it takes to kill me? Don't make me laugh." He shook his head, sliding Chekov's gun back into his inventory. He spread out his arms, giving Bakugo a challenging look. "What are you waiting for? Kill me then!" That got the boy moving.

His attempted punches and kicks were messy, his body language giving away his next move at almost any given moment. Wilbur mostly stayed on the defensive, with the goal of stalling until the timer ran out. Iida had gone off to get the hostage, but with a minute on the timer he wouldn't have enough time to get All Might to the ground level. Bakugo kept yelling insults and death threats, his attacks growing more and more sloppy. "Why aren't you fighting back?!" He screamed, heavily panting as he took a step back. Wilbur smirked, barely out of breath himself. He held up his communicator, right as the timer hit zero. The alarm went off once more, signalling the end of the exercise. "The villain wins!"

Crumbling

Chapter Summary

Wilbur faces some struggles

Chapter Notes

TW: Panic Attack, Flashbacks

this chapter deals with Wilbur experiencing a flashback, so please proceed with caution!
The attack itself is indicated with a bold {

Also updates might slow down a bit as I am studying for my exams lol

{The rest of the exercises all blended together for Wilbur as he got more and more lost in his role. No group managed to save the hostage, only one group managing to pin Wilbur down. Uraraka, Shoji, Ojirou and Yaoyorozu were the only ones who defeated him, purely because of Ojirou's martial art training. He was faster on his feet than Wilbur, and fairly beat him. As his feet were swept out from under him, Wilbur felt a wave of genuine panic flood his system. His breaths grew shallow as he felt tape being wrapped around his wrists. The alarm went off, a mechanic voice announcing that the heroes had won.

For a moment he was back in the final control room, listening to one of his most trusted men proclaim that it was never meant to be before hitting a button. He remembered feeling the blade cut through his neck, though the face of whoever had attacked him was fuzzy in his mind. His lungs felt too tight, like he was being held underwater. Voices vaguely registered in his head, though he couldn't make out what they were saying. He could move his hands again, and wasted no time to scramble up from the ground. Summoning his bow from his inventory, he scanned his surroundings with unfocused eyes.

Blackstone walls slowly transformed into cold stone ones, the torchlight being replaced by the light coming off of the lamps screwed to the ceiling. Wilbur's panicked breaths slowly evened out as he slowly came back to reality. Gathered around him stood four children, all looking with varying degrees of worry. Lowering his bow, he took a moment to recollect himself. He wasn't in the final control room, he wasn't even in that server anymore. }

“Mister Soot...? Are you okay?” Uraraka asked. The sympathy in her tone made Wilbur want to vomit. Forcing a grin on his lips, he shoved down any leftover negative feelings. He couldn’t appear weak in front of these kids. “Yeah, just peachy! Sorry, got lost in thought there for a moment! Congrats on beating me though!” Wilbur was grateful for his acting skills, since it was the only thing keeping him from falling apart at the minute.

Wilbur excused himself after the final group was done, lying to All Might that he had overused his quirk and was too tired to continue the training session for the day. Whether All Might actually bought the excuse or knew something else was up, Wilbur didn’t know, nor did he have the energy to care. He left the training grounds, shoving his still trembling hands in his pockets.

That hadn’t happened before, that he couldn’t recognise his surroundings. Why had that happened? He was over what had happened back then! Freezing up like that would get him killed in the field. Huffing to himself, Wilbur made his way through the UA building, wanting nothing more than a hot cup of coffee and maybe a nap. Maybe if he slept enough, he could pretend that never happened.

The teacher’s lounge was completely empty, which wasn’t that surprising since it was the middle of the day; Most teachers were probably doing their job, or didn’t have classes today in the first place. Wilbur let out a sigh of relief, heading towards the coffee machine. Once he had acquired himself a cup of the warm liquid, he sat on the worn out couch sitting in the far corner of the room. He cradled the cup between his hands for a moment, staring at the swirling liquid in hopes to keep his mind from wandering.

Tubbo had once described to him how he felt whenever he heard a firework after the festival, how he’d remember the concrete walls keeping him trapped and the soaring pain spreading down his throat as the rocket exploded. The more Wilbur thought about it, the more similarities he could draw between Tubbo’s explanation and what he had just experienced. But, Tubbo was executed in a traumatic way. Wilbur wasn’t. Sure, the final control room incident hadn’t been fun, but in no way as bad as what had happened to Tubbo. Right?

Taking a sip from his coffee, Wilbur tried to reel in his thoughts. It was pretty clear he wasn’t going to figure out what had just happened on his own. Should he tell Nezu? The bear probably already knew to be honest. Nezu always seemed to know the latest news, so it wouldn’t surprise him if he was already aware of what had happened. So it probably couldn’t hurt to ask the bear what he thought had happened to Wilbur. But, that could wait.

Downing most of the contents of his cup in one go, he set it aside for the time being. He shrugged off his coat, dumping it down next to the cup before curling up on the couch. It was another hour or two before lunch, meaning he could get two hours of shuteye before anybody would return to the lounge. Letting his eyes fall closed, he was out within minutes, exhausted from both the training exercise and his... attack.

He woke up with a blanket covering him, with the lounge still empty. Blearily looking around, he also noticed his cup had been cleaned, and his coat was hanging over one of the nearby chairs. A soft smile played on his lips as he laid his head back down. He'd have to thank whoever gave him the blanket later, it was soft as hell.

A festival

Chapter Summary

The Sportsfestival Begins

By the time Wilbur was making his way out of the building, the sun was starting to set. Most had left already, classes having ended a little while ago. A yawn tore from Wilbur's lips as he stretched his arms out above his head, a satisfying pop coming from his joints. He paused, locking eyes with a furious looking Bakugo who was rapidly making his way over. A sly smile formed on his lips as he briefly checked his inventory, just in case.

"Who the hell are you?" Bakugo demanded, sharp red eyes meeting Wilbur's calm brown ones. "I'm Wilbur Soot. I'm pretty sure I've been introduced multiple times by now mate. Did you not pay attention?" He laughed, though it was forced and he was audibly tired. "I know your name, asshole. But what are you? You're not a hero. Why the hell are you allowed to teach us? I thought this school had standards, but clearly not if they're letting some villain looking bastard like you teach!" Bakugo grinned as if he was proud of the playground insults he was throwing at Wilbur.

"Watch your mouth, kid. While you might not like it, I am most definitely still your teacher. A teacher who managed to outsmart you, might I add." Wilbur crossed his arms across his chest, meeting Bakugo's glare with a smirk. "Aw, don't like to be reminded of your defeat? Some grace would really suit you kid, nobody likes a sore loser." He remarked, wondering what the kid had expected him to say. "I didn't lose! You didn't even fight me! Some extra like you could never beat me!" Bakugo loudly argued, making Wilbur roll his eyes.

In one swift motion, Wilbur had his crossbow pointed under Bakugo's chin, a smirk on his features as he quirked up one of his brows. "I could kill you right here and now, and you wouldn't be able to do shit about it, kid. Just because you've got a strong quirk doesn't mean you're automatically the best out there. Hell, I've seen overconfident idiots like you die on their first days on the field, because they underestimated their opponents. So, reel back the attitude. Unless you want to die a gruesome and bloody death, which by all means, go on! Keep acting like this, and see how far that gets you." Wilbur just wanted to go home. He wasn't in the mood to entertain some teenager who thought he was hot shit. Shoving his bow back into his inventory, he walked off before he could hear Bakugo's response. The kid screamed at him to come back, to which Wilbur held up his middle finger. Teenagers man.

Wilbur wasn't sure what to expect from the sports festival. It was pretty clear that it was a big deal, and that it would be watched by a lot of people. The details were a lot harder to follow, so Wilbur didn't bother. He was sure he'd understand once he watched it all unfold in real time. He had ditched his coat for the day, though he did have it in his inventory, just in case. Due to him wearing it more often, it was starting to smell less and less like home every single time he slid it on. The idea that one of the last things connecting him with his home server made his stomach feel queasy.

He knew it was silly, but the coat had been a gift from Phil, right before he set off to join the Dream SMP. It was one of his old coats, though the back had been patched up so Wilbur could wear it without there being two giant holes in the back of it. He hadn't worn it much during the L'manberg revolution, though he did sew a patch of the flag onto the sleeve with help from Niki. During Pogtopia, he hadn't worn anything but the coat, fixing up any tear with what few supplies they had. Sure, it held more bad memories than good ones, but it was still important to Wilbur.

A lot of heroes were present at the festival, Wilbur noted. He didn't recognise most of them, though that wasn't all too surprising considering he hadn't bothered to learn any of the big heroes' names. During one of the meetings in preparation for the festival, Nezu had explained that he had called in some favours to get as many heroes as possible on patrol around the arena to make sure the chances of another villain attack were minimal. Even all teachers were expected to patrol, with a few exceptions; Eraserhead and Present Mic were to present the festival, Cementos was on repair duty and Midnight was to host the actual games. Wilbur wasn't put on patrolling duty either, since he technically didn't have a license. Nezu promised him he was working on that though, so that was fun.

Instead, Wilbur found himself seated below the presenters' booth. He had a good view of the actual arena below him, which was nice. The booths to his left and right were empty, and all had different class names written on the doors leading into the booths. Wilbur assumed they were where the students who didn't make it through the rounds would be seated. It was nice that they at least got to watch after they lost, Wilbur supposed, though it must suck to get knocked out early on and to be forced to watch your classmates continue on without you. It was a good incentive to do better next time.

As the classes walked out into the arena class by class, Wilbur couldn't help but clap a bit louder when he saw Shinso walk in among the 1C kids. Maybe he was a bit biased, sue him. The purple haired kid had what it took to be a hero, in Wilbur's opinion. He wasn't as obsessed with the fame and glory around being a hero, and genuinely wanted to help people. Why he wasn't put in 1A, Wilbur didn't know. Thinking about it, Wilbur realised he hadn't shown up for any of his shifts at the cafe for about two weeks now. He should probably apologize to his manager once he got the chance, and formally quit.

The top student was supposed to give a speech, which would have been fine, had Bakugo Katsuki not been the top student at UA. As he loudly declared he would beat everybody else at the festival and continued to go on and on about how much better he was than the rest, Wilbur couldn't help but get the urge to punch the kid. Was this how people felt about Tommy at times? Wilbur never really got when people called Tommy annoying. Sure, the kid

was a bit loud, but in a little brother kind of way, not in an actually bothersome kind of way. Bakugo on the other hand... Man, that kid made Wilbur's hands itch for his sword.

The first event was a bit hard to follow, mostly because there were so many participants that the cameras documenting the event kept switching between people so fast that Wilbur couldn't keep up. In the end, Midoriya ended up winning, which Wilbur was very proud of. As he scanned over the list of students who had made it through the first challenge, Wilbur couldn't stop himself from smiling as he spotted Shinso's name on the list.

Like the previous event, the second event was hard to follow, but a bit more manageable than the last round. He was impressed by how well the various teams were working together, especially since some of them seemed to be rather random. The two teams he mostly watched were of course Midoriya's and Shinso's teams. He was a biased teacher, sue him. Nobody told him he wasn't allowed to have favourites, and these two just happened to have a special place in his heart.

Finally, they reached the final round of the event, which was a 1v1 tournament round. Wilbur couldn't help but feel excited, especially considering most of 1A had made it to this round along with Shinso. Though, as the first matchup was announced, he felt his excitement dull a bit. Why? Well, because the first match was between Midoriya Izuku and Shinso Hitoshi, the two kids he was rooting for. The universe really didn't like him having nice things, huh.

Talks

Chapter Summary

The second act of the festival

Wilbur was on the edge of his seat as the two students walked into the arena. He wasn't sure who would win; Midoriya had Shinso beat in the quirk department, but Shinso was more well versed at hand to hand. On a slow day at the cafe, Wilbur had shown Shinso some of the basics when it came to fighting. It was mostly because the older male had been worried Shinso couldn't defend himself properly. He still didn't know what kind of quirk Shinso had, though he did know from how Shinso talked about it that most considered it a villainous quirk. While Wilbur knew Shinso was a good kid, most didn't seem to see what he saw. So, Wilbur trained the kid a bit, just in case.

As Midnight announced the start of the match, Shinso appeared to be talking to Midoriya, though there weren't any microphones around to catch what he was saying. The other teen responded, after which he froze in his spot. His expression was blank, unnaturally so. Wilbur didn't understand, until he spotted the smirk on Shinso's lips. This was his quirk. It suddenly all clicked. Why Shinso was so hesitant to talk, why he hadn't made it through the entrance exam, why his quirk was considered villainous... His quirk was a form of mind control. A chuckle of disbelief left his lips as he watched Midoriya slowly creep towards the edge of the arena, letting out a loud cheer for Shinso.

Right as Midoriya was about to reach the bounds of the arena, Shinso lost his grip on the boy somehow. A blast of air caused a gust of sand to cover the arena, briefly blocking out the cameras' view of the scene. When the dust settled, Shinso was staring at Midoriya in disbelief, the latter cradling a broken finger. Wilbur had to admit he was impressed by Midoriya. Once both boys were over their shock, Midoriya was the first to act. He dashed towards Shinso, aiming a punch at the boy's chest.

Shinso was quick to dodge, ducking down under the other's arm and attempting to swipe his feet out from under him. As the two kept dodging each other's blows, it was clear Midoriya was going to end up winning. Shinso was out of breath, and slightly slower than the hero student. It took one stumble from the teen and a well placed punch from Midoriya to send the boy flying out of bounds, Nemuri announcing Midoriya as the winner. Even though Shinso might not have fun, Wilbur still loudly cheered for him. It didn't matter who won, Shinso had proven himself as a worthy opponent, especially since he was from general education.

As the next match started, Wilbur left his booth, wanting to go find Shinso and Midoriya to congratulate them on their match. He hummed to himself as he walked through the halls, once again finding himself a little bit lost. Man, he really should have gotten a map of this place. Trying to remember where to go, he didn't notice somebody else coming to walk

besides him, a tall figure suddenly towering next to him. The soft crackling of fire is what made Wilbur notice he wasn't alone.

Wilbur wasn't sure who the man was, but something about him already rubbed him the wrong way. The man was practically glaring at the air in front of him like it had personally wronged him, his entire posture tight and tense. "Did your favourite not make it to the finals?" Wilbur asked, just trying to make smalltalk. Clearly that was the wrong thing to say, as the man loudly scoffed. "Of course my son made it to the finals, he's going to win this entire thing. He's better than all those other snot nosed kids. I trained him myself after all." The man's proud smirk gave Wilbur the urge to kick him, but he kept it in.

"Who's your kid?" Wilbur asked. It wouldn't surprise him if this was Bakugo's father, but something told him that Bakugo's issues didn't stem from his parents. "Shoto, of course. Who else would he have gotten his flames from?" The man grinned. Wilbur frowned, some of the pieces coming together in his mind. He hadn't seen Todoroki use his flames once so far, and with how much of an asshole this man was turning out to be, Wilbur fully understood why he wouldn't want to use them. If Phil had been as much of a dick as this guy was, Wilbur wouldn't have ever considered touching an elytra ever in his life.

"Oh, you're Todoroki's father. Yeah, I think he'll make it pretty far. He's one of the top of his class, so he's got them beat for the most part. I don't know much about 1B, so I can't say if he has them beat." Wilbur shrugged, even if that wasn't fully true. He was pretty sure Todoroki could take on any of the 1B kids, but didn't want to tell that to the smug man standing beside him. The taller man scoffed. "My boy can defeat them with his eyes closed! He's going to be the new number one, he's going to surpass All Might!" He exclaimed, making Wilbur sigh. Why was everyone so obsessed with being the number one hero? Shouldn't it be more important to save people?

"Maybe he will. Shouldn't be his main focus though, saving people is more important than some title." Wilbur bitterly remarked, meeting the man's gaze for just a moment. He offered him a sharp smile, stopping in front of the door leading to the waiting area meant for the students. "If his main drive to be a hero is to be the number one, he should quit when he still can. Good heroes aren't in it for the fame. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to check up on my students." With that, he left the now seething man behind in the hallway, feeling pretty satisfied with himself.

A defeated looking Shinso sat on one of the benches in the room, looking down at his hands like they had done something terrible to him. Wilbur quietly made his way over to the boy, his years of practise making his movements near inaudible. He reached out to ruffle Shinso's hair, chuckling when the boy jumped. "What's with the long face kid? I think you did pretty fucking great." He grinned, plopping down next to Shinso. The teen frowned, avoiding Wilbur's gaze.

"I lost. I fucked it all up! I should've trained more. I'll never make it into the hero course now!" Shinso's voice trembled, though whether it was from frustration or disappointment Wilbur couldn't tell. "You didn't fuck anything up kid. You did amazing. I'm proud of you. Now stop with that self deprecating crap. You should be celebrating! Making it to the third round is a feat of itself!" He patted Shinso's arm, grinning at the boy. "I know that it's

disappointing that you didn't win and that you're searching for a reason why you didn't, but maybe there isn't a reason, it just happened. Don't let it kill your spirits. Use it to motivate yourself to train harder."

"I can help you out, if you want. As the newest UA teacher, I can maybe show you some of the exercises 1A uses to train. Then you'll be just as prepared as them for the next festival! So chin up kid, the world doesn't end just because you lost. Sometimes we win, sometimes we lose. Life wouldn't be interesting anymore if you always won." He chuckled, hoping to lighten the boy's spirits a bit. Shinso wryly smiled as he wiped his eyes, nodding a bit.

"Since when are you a teacher here? I thought you had died man, you didn't show up for two weeks!" Shinso questioned, raising a brow at the older male. Wilbur sheepishly laughed, rubbing the back of his neck. "It's... complicated. I'll explain it later. All that matters is that I'm officially a teacher's assistant for 1A, though that's only until Eraserhead is all healed up. Not sure what happens after that, but I'll cross that bridge when I get to it I suppose."

They ended up leaving the waiting area together, parting ways at their respective booths; Shinso joined his class, and from what Wilbur could hear, he got a warm welcome from them. Wilbur was proud of the boy, and was glad his classmates seemingly shared the same sentiment. Settling back down in his own booth, he had returned just in time to hear the lineups for the second round. Most had predictable outcomes, but one stood out to Wilbur.

Midoriya versus Todoroki, two kids who were both considered part of the top of 1A. While Wilbur predicted that Todoroki would probably win, he could tell this was going to be an interesting match. The second the starting signal was given, the two went at it. Ice and gusts of wind caused by Midoriya's punches flew through the arena, making it hard to follow who exactly had the upper hand. The few glimpses Wilbur got of Midoriya, the boy seemed to be yelling something at Todoroki, causing the boy to look conflicted. It truly was a shame there were no microphones around, because Wilbur was dying to know what was being said.

The short boy's words seemed to have hit their target, as Todoroki unleashed his flames, taking out most of the ice around him. Wilbur leaned forwards in his seat, fascinated by the turn of events. What had Midoriya said to finally make Todoroki use his fire? Had it been something regarding his father? Just the idea of the man made Wilbur want to gag. He made a mental note to ask Midoriya about it on a later date.

As Todoroki took a step forward to launch an attack with his newly found power, Midoriya collapsed to the floor, too exhausted to continue to fight. As Todoroki was declared the winner, Recovery Girl was brought out to help Midoriya. Even though he had won, Todoroki didn't look all too victorious, the frown on his face making him look more like the losing party than the winning. The longer the festival went on, the more questions Wilbur had about Todoroki.

The next few matches were probably very interesting, but Wilbur couldn't bring himself to pay much attention. His mind was racing, coming up with possible theories and reasonings for what had just happened. Letting his mind run wild was never a very smart decision, because within no time he was thinking about things he had been avoiding, like how much Uraraka had reminded him of Niki during her fight against Bakugo, and how the crowd had underestimated her just like how everybody had underestimated Niki during her time under

Schlatt's rule. He thought about how much Tommy, Tubbo and Fundy would have probably loved watching this festival. How Schlatt and Quackity would have made wonderful hosts for an event like this. A sigh escaped his lips as he rubbed his cheeks a bit.

He was pulled out of his thoughts as Midnight announced the final round's participants, Todoroki versus Bakugo. Now, Wilbur liked to think he was a very pragmatic and reasonable man, and logically he knew these two kids were pretty evenly tied. Problem was, Wilbur was an incredibly petty man, and therefore chose to believe that Todoroki was definitely going to beat Bakugo, just because. He only half watched the match, believing he already knew the outcome. Turns out, he was very wrong.

Bakugo managed to beat Todoroki, making him the winner of the tournament. While Wilbur was a bit salty about it since he didn't really believe Bakugo deserved to win, he still clapped and cheered for the boy nonetheless. Turns out Wilbur wasn't the only one who didn't think the explosive teen was the fair winner, the student himself complaining the loudest that it 'wasn't a fair match since half-and-half didn't give his all' (Wilbur was paraphrasing a bit).

A muzzle was placed on Bakugo somewhere along the way before the winner's ceremony, which made Wilbur's stomach twist. Sure, Bakugo was a prick in every sense of the word, but silencing him with a muzzle live on air felt incredibly wrong. The entire ceremony felt awkward, literally every student on the podium looking like they would rather be somewhere else. Nether, even All Might himself looked awkward as he hung the medals around the students' necks.

Walking out of the arena about half an hour later, Wilbur couldn't help but feel like the entire day had been surreal. Watching a bunch of kids fight each other for entertainment felt wrong. A brief flash of The Pit made him shake his head, not wanting to think about it. He regretted pushing Tommy to fight Techno. The boy had been rightfully upset, Wilbur saw that now. Back then, he hadn't been thinking straight. He made a lot of mistakes, most of them causing a lot of pain to those around him. He wished he could change what he had done, but it was too late now.

Kicking against a stray can, Wilbur shoved his hands into the pockets of his jeans with a sigh. How was he supposed to make up for what he had done in the past when the people he had hurt weren't even on this server? Was he just supposed to feel bad about it until he died again? That felt stupid. His little mental rant was interrupted by a soft noise coming from a nearby trash can. Looking around for a moment, he hesitantly approached it.

Peering inside revealed a small curled up kitten, meowing like its life depended on it. By the looks of it, it had been in there for a while, looking incredibly frail and small. Wilbur carefully scooped the animal into his hands, bringing it close to his chest. "Shh, I got you mate, it's okay. Let's get you somewhere warm." He cooed to the animal, smiling as the kitten leaned into his hands.

The kitten turned out to be a girl, who Wilbur named Friend. He wasn't quite sure why he had chosen the name to be honest, it had just been the first one to come to mind that he liked. She was a tabby cat, with intricate stripes running all down her back. One of her eyes was missing, the other being an almost emerald green colour. Wilbur had fed her some of his leftovers, which the kitten had happily eaten before zooming around the house. As he

watched Friend race around his living room, his chest felt a bit lighter, his earlier worries resting on him just a bit lighter. Maybe he could heal here.

Hero Names

Chapter Summary

Wilbur helps 1A with picking their new hero names

Chapter Notes

With the recent developments in the canon storyline, I'd like to make it clear that this story is only partially canon compliant. Basically, up until the point c!Wilbur is revived, this fic follows the canon. But, due to this Wilbur not having spent 13 years in solitude, some of his motivations and actions might not align with c!Wilbur. Depending on if the canon continues to develop as I think it is, I'll make adjustments were needed :)

Also there won't be an update tomorrow as I am meeting up with some online friends in person for the first time :)

Thanks for all of the support, and thank you for enjoying my little story <3

Wilbur was slowly starting to get used to the UA layout, getting lost a lot less frequently. He could now get to the teacher's lounge without having to ask for directions, a fact he was pretty proud of. He had never been the best at navigating, that title belonged to Techno 'The Human GPS' Blade. Why bother learning how to navigate, when he could just drag Techno along to do it for him?

As he walked into the teacher's lounge, Midnight was quick to make her way over to him. "Soot, just the man I was looking for! 1A are picking their hero names today, and since Eraserhead is boring, I need somebody else to help me supervise." She explained to him, giving him her best attempt at pleading eyes. Sadly they didn't work on Wilbur, who had grown up having to say no to both Tommy's and Tubbo's puppy dog eyes.

"Are you sure I'm the right person for the job? I don't even have a hero name." Wilbur questioned, crossing his arms across his chest. Midnight blinked, clearly a bit taken aback by that information. "Even better! You can pick one out too! No part of the UA staff can go without a hero name!" She exclaimed, already having made up her mind. Wilbur sighed, and decided to just go along with it. Picking a hero name didn't sound all too bad.

1A was as rowdy as ever as the two teachers entered the classroom. Wilbur was about to head to his own desk, when Midnight stopped him. "Where do you think you're going?" She asked, chuckling to herself as she handed him a stack of whiteboards. "Could you hand these out for me?" Wilbur nodded, quickly getting to work. He pointedly ignored the glare Bakugo threw his way, though every inch of him was screaming for him to flip the boy off.

Once every student had a little whiteboard, Midnight started to explain the plan for today. A few kids were already starting to write, most probably already knowing what name they wanted. Wilbur shifted his weight between his feet, feeling a bit awkward just standing at the front of the classroom. Midnight didn't seem to share this sentiment, looking confident as ever as she rested her hands on her hips. In some funny way, Midnight reminded Wilbur of Quackity. Now that he thought about it, those two would probably get along swimmingly.

He got lost in his own thoughts for a moment, flashes of memories involving Quackity flooding his mind. From before the election, when Wilbur had stubbornly announced that Quackity wasn't allowed to run. Thinking back on it, he regretted being so harsh to the man. The duck hybrid's intentions had been good, Nether they had been better than Wilbur's if the man was truly honest with himself. He had caused Quackity a lot of grief, especially when his actions inadvertently led to the election of Schlatt. The pain that man had caused to both Tubbo and Quackity was something Wilbur would never forgive himself for. He should have never fallen for the ram hybrid's tricks.

Shaking his head a bit, he tried to shake off the heavy feeling pushing down on his stomach. Guilt wasn't going to make his actions any less terrible. Casting a quick look around the classroom, he realised kids were already presenting their hero names. He hadn't caught a singular one yet, but just mimicked Midnight's behaviour. This couldn't keep happening. Why did the smallest of things make him lose grip of what was happening in the moment?

They cycled through most students rather quickly, their names usually getting approved on their first or second attempt. Only a few were lagging behind; Todoroki, who hadn't presented any name yet, Bakugo, who was on his fifth attempt but his names just kind of sucked and Iida, who looked a bit conflicted. Now that Wilbur thought about it, he hadn't seen the kid at the winner's ceremony during the festival even though the boy had placed shared third. Huh.

Most names were pretty fitting of the kids. Midoriya's surprised Wilbur a bit. Picking a name that was once used to belittle him and turning it into his hero name to reclaim it was a power

move, though Wilbur couldn't help but wonder who had used the name against him in the first place. Judging by the scowl on a certain somebody's features, Wilbur thought he might know the culprit.

Todoroki ended up just going with his first name for his hero name, which Midnight didn't seem to support. Wilbur liked it, and voiced his approval for the name. "With a quirk as flashy as yours, having a simple name works." He commented, grinning at the small smile Todoroki shot his way. Progress. Iida was up next, announcing his hero name was going to be Ingenium. Wilbur didn't know the significance, but it seemed important to the kid.

Since Bakugo was refusing to pick a normal name, his hero name was left blank for the time being. While it had been fun to listen to everybody's names, Wilbur was more than ready to end the class so he could maybe get a nap in before his meeting with Nezu later. Midnight seemed to have other plans, a wicked smile on her lips as she spoke. "Alright, now that you all have picked your hero names... It's time to help your dear teacher pick one! You see, Soot over here doesn't have a hero name, and we can't have that now can we?" Wilbur shot the woman a glare, softly sighing to himself as the class burst into a wave of suggestions.

Most were just plain shit, like 'Videogame Man' and 'TNT Man'. Wilbur instantly shot those down. He might not have a whole lot going for him, but he was better than that. As he listened to more and more silly name suggestions, a sigh left his lips. Hearing so many names thrown his way reminded him of how Technoblade used to give people the wildest nicknames based on old Greek mythology. Why the piglin had been so obsessed with mythology, Wilbur didn't know. What he did know was that back in Pogtopia Technoblade had told him one particular tale that had stuck with him for some reason.

"As much as I appreciate your suggestions, I think I've made up my mind. One of my... friends used to tell me I reminded him of Phaethon from Greek Mythology. It's got a nice ring to it, I think. Phaethon, the hero who isn't actually a hero." Wilbur announced, scribbling the name down on the whiteboard that had been pushed into his hands during Midnight's announcement. The class fell silent for a minute, making Wilbur's skin itch. He hated the amount of eyes on him, picking apart the name that meant a lot to him.

"I think it's a cool name, mister Soot!" Midoriya was the first one to break the silence, stumbling over his own words a bit. Wilbur relaxed a bit as more students voiced their agreement. He put the board down, briefly looking over at Midnight to make sure she agreed with it. Seeing the almost worried expression on her features made him realise she must know the tale of Phaethon, and now he would have to explain just why exactly his friends

saw him as a kid who wanted to make his father proud but ended up messing up so bad that he died for it. Sometimes, Wilbur really wished he knew when to shut up.

As the class finally came to an end, Wilbur was quick to make his way to the teacher's lounge. Midnight didn't follow, presumably heading to the cafeteria first. He let out a sigh in relief as he flopped down on the couch that he by now had practically claimed. Most days he could be found napping on it in between classes. A chuckle came from besides him, startling the crap out of him. He took a deep breath as he calmed himself, turning to look at the bear standing next to the couch.

"I did not mean to startle you, my apologies. I just wanted to see how you were doing. It must be quite the challenge to adjust to being a teacher." Nezu climbed up on the couch to sit beside Wilbur, the taller of the pair scooting aside a bit to give the bear some space. "It's... unlike anything I've ever done before. Sure, I've been somewhat of a mentor figure to some kids before, but never have I been like a proper teacher. Nether, I wasn't even a good mentor. Taught them pain more than anything." Wilbur ran a hand down his face, feeling somewhat relieved to get to share his problems without fearing being judged.

"I see. I heard you picked out a hero name." Nezu changed the topic, which Wilbur appreciated. He softly hummed to himself, looking down at his hands. "It's a name Technoblade gave me right before... Y'know, the whole 'boom' situation. Phaethon. Apparently, the myth goes that he begged his father to ride some kind of sun chariot, to make his father proud. He crashed it rather horribly, and ended up causing a lot of pain and suffering. As a punishment, he was killed. Techno said it fit me, since I... I just wanted to make Phil proud, y'know? He started countless nations and always managed to keep them up and running. L'manberg was supposed to be my *Pièce de résistance*. My attempt at sticking it to the man and making it work. Look how that worked out for me." Wilbur let out a wry chuckle,

"I think your father would be proud of you if he could see you know, Wilbur." Nezu stated it with so much confidence that it made Wilbur tear up. "You are a good man. You made some mistakes, but those do not define you. Living in the past will make you miserable, but forcing yourself to move on will not make you feel any better either. My door is always open for you." With that, the bear slid off the couch, playfully saluting the man before leaving Wilbur alone with his thoughts.

Drawing his legs up to his chest, Wilbur buried his nose in his knees. His tears soaked the rough fabric of his jeans, though he couldn't bring himself to care. He allowed himself to think for a while, remembering the letters he wrote to his father. How he had lied, just to

spare his father's feelings. Phil didn't have to know just how terribly Wilbur had fucked everything up. Had he just not stopped writing, Phil wouldn't have had to see Wilbur at his worst. He wouldn't have been forced to stab his own son. Fuck, what had he done? Maybe it was better that he was stuck here. Now he at least couldn't hurt his own family anymore.

Resurrections

Chapter Summary

Wilbur catches a glimpse of... something

Chapter Notes

I'm back eyo lads hope you didn't miss me lol
Again thank you all for your support!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur woke up with the weird feeling that something was wrong. He couldn't quite place what was causing the discomfort, he just felt a vague sense of dread hang over him all morning. Since there wasn't much he could do about it, he let it be for the time being. Today was a big day; The students were picking their internships today. According to Eraserhead, this was pretty important. Wilbur wouldn't know, he didn't really know what an internship was in the first place.

Wilbur's stomach still felt heavy as he wandered into the teacher's lounge. Taking a quick look around, he couldn't spot anything that could be causing it. He wasn't nervous, nor was he really experiencing any other emotion than dread and confusion. Was he getting sick? It wouldn't surprise him if his body finally decided to break down, it had been rough a lot lately. Checking his hearts, he didn't see anything up with them either. No weird effects, no withered hearts, nothing. Figuring out what was causing him to be on edge was getting more and more annoying as Wilbur struggled to pinpoint the cause.

As he poured himself a cup of coffee, he realised he was one of the first teachers to arrive. Huh. Back on the Dream SMP, Wilbur had never been the type to show up early. Not that he was always late, no he did quite the opposite actually; Wilbur was a man who liked to show up right on time. Not a minute earlier or later. Punctuality was important, he had once claimed to Tommy. Now, he could see it had just been a shitty attempt at feeling in control. Deciding when the meeting would happen and strictly sticking to that time made him feel powerful, in some sick way. Thinking about it, it really was quite depressing how a thing as small as punctuality was the only thing that made him feel in control.

His train of thought halted as Eraserhead walked past him, the man reaching for the coffee can as he gave his assistant a nod. Wilbur had come to realise Aizawa wasn't a man of many words, oftentimes responding in non-verbal cues. The longer Wilbur spent with the man, the more he became confident that Technoblade and Aizawa would probably make good friends.

“Good morning to you too mister Aizawa.” Wilbur offered the man a smile, only receiving a tired sounding grunt in response. “Rough night?” He laughed, taking another sip from his coffee as he watched Aizawa down most of his own in one go.

Aizawa’s lips were moving, but Wilbur couldn’t hear him over the ringing that was forming in his ears. It drowned out all his surroundings, a wave of dizziness accompanying the disorienting noises. He stumbled backwards, trying to regain his balance. Somewhere along the way, the cup in his hands slipped. As ceramic shattered against the floor, Wilbur’s skin started to feel like he was being torn apart. Every fiber of his being felt like it was on fire. A pain filled groan left his throat as he crumpled to the floor, eyes scrunched closed as the distorted noises started to ease up.

Drawing in a few rough breaths, he forced his eyes open, only to be met with unfamiliar sights surrounding him. “Wilbur?” A familiar voice called out, Wilbur’s head snapping towards the source of the noise. There stood Philza Minecraft in all his glory, shielding Wilbur from the rain with his wing. “Dad? I-I- How am I here? I’m back! I can’t be back- This isn’t right! It hurts-” Wilbur coughed, his body still aching. Phil looked like he had so much to say, but couldn’t bring himself to say anything. Besides him stood Erret, Tommy, and somebody Wilbur couldn’t recognise.

“Wilbur is that really you?” Tommy’s voice made Wilbur want to sob, he had missed the boy so much. A pained smile formed on his lips as he nodded a bit. “Yeah, it’s me Toms, the one and only Wilby Soot.” He tried to joke, but his laughter only caused more pain. “It- it worked! I can’t believe it...” Erret’s voice caught Wilbur a bit off guard, confused as to why the monarch was there in the first place. Something was clearly going on, but the pain and disorientation Wilbur was experiencing made it hard to figure out just what it was. They all looked at him so expectantly, like they wanted a speech or something. Another wave of fire shot through Wilbur’s body, a painful cough shaking up his already trembling frame.

“I-I don’t think I have much time here, but- agh bloody hell this hurts- but I’m sorry, okay? Really. I’m so fucking sorry and I-I know that doesn’t... doesn’t fix shit, but maybe one day I can actually make up for it. I don’t know what you did, but please don’t- this hurts so bad, worse than dying if I’m honest. I love-” While he tried to give them the speech they had so clearly been after, Wilbur didn’t get to finish his final words to his family, the same wave of distortion rolling over him before he could. The lapis blue walls faded into static, the silhouette of his worried father and devastated little brother burnt into his retinas as he was thrown through what felt like the void.

He came back to on the floor, an almost panicked looking Aizawa bowed over him. Trying to catch his breath, he sat up a bit, forcing the other teacher to back up a bit. “What the hell just happened, Soot? You... disappeared for a solid minute.” He sounded like he was scolding a student, which would have made Wilbur laugh had he not been on the verge of breaking down. “I-I don’t know. I was just, drinking my coffee! And, and suddenly I’m... face to face with my dad and brother, who are looking at me like I just... died? I tried to talk to them, but it hurt. So much.” Wilbur’s voice trembled as he spoke, hands clutching his shirt just above where he was stabbed.

“You... saw your father?” Aizawa questioned, clearly a bit lost. Wilbur hesitantly nodded, a painful cough racking through his shoulders. “Yeah, uh, we... When I left, we weren’t on, let’s say, the best terms.” He softly admitted, flashes of Phil’s silent tears making his heart ache. “I... I need some air.” He pushed himself up to his feet, trying to act like he wasn’t shaking like a leaf. Aizawa looked like he wanted to protest, but didn’t speak up.

Wilbur stumbled out of the lounge, rushing into the nearest empty classroom. Locking the door behind him, he let himself sink down against the door. What the hell had just happened? He mentally recounted everything he remembered. One second, he was just chatting with Aizawa, the next he was standing on some kind of lapis platform surrounded by two people he considered his family, a traitor and a stranger. He vaguely remembered some of the details of the area, like something resembling a L’manberg flag hanging in the background, a few brewing stands and... a blue sheep? It made no sense to him.

Sinking his fingers into his hair, he tried to calm down his erratic breathing. It must have been a glitch of some kind. Yeah, a glitch! He wasn’t supposed to be allowed to go back there, right? This was supposed to be his new home server! He was doing well here. People were counting on him. He couldn’t be sent back, not now!

Horror struck him when he realized what he had been thinking, eyes widening as he pressed his hands over his mouth to keep himself from sobbing. He didn’t want to go back to the Dream SMP. Just the idea alone terrified him. He wasn’t ready to face his mistakes yet. This realisation led to a few other realisations, like that he really was selfish since Phil and Tommy had clearly been happy to have him back, and that the universe hated him.

It took Wilbur twenty minutes to calm down his breathing, though his hands were still shaking by the time he finally got up from the floor. He paced around the classroom, just to busy himself with something other than thinking. It didn’t help much, his mind still a mess of emotions, memories and worries. Phantom pains kept shooting through his chest, the by now gone stabwound aching like it was fresh.

Gently wiping his eyes with his sleeve, Wilbur sighed. He was so tired. Things were finally starting to look up for him. He had a job, some friends, Nether he was even gaining some respect within multiple different communities! Everything had been going so well! But of course, something had to go wrong. The universe just had to remind him he didn’t belong here, that this wasn’t his home. No matter how much more at home he felt here, it was hopeful to assume he was allowed to stay here. Someday, an admin would notice he wasn’t whitelisted, and he’d go wherever permanently dead players go. He’d join Schlatt in the void.

But until that day came, until an admin personally decided to ban him, Wilbur was going to make the most out of his second chance, even if he was on borrowed time. Maybe next time Phil, Tommy, Erret and the mystery person decided to do a botched resurrection, he’d be ready to face them, to face his past. But, until then, all he could do was try to become a better man.

When they were younger, when L’manberg was still but a fun adventure they had started to piss off Dream, Tommy had always referred to Phil as the best man alive. Wilbur had always agreed, his father could do no wrong in his eyes. But Wilbur was older now, and he now understood Phil was just a man trying his best. Don’t get him wrong, Phil was a wonderful

dad, but he didn't always get Wilbur. He didn't get Wilbur's need for approval, didn't notice the signs of his son slipping before it was too late. His goal had always been to be more like Philza Minecraft, because that would ultimately make him a better person. But, these days, Wilbur didn't want to mirror his father. He loved the man dearly, but mistakes had been made, and they hurt. They would for a while. Maybe one day they would stop aching.

No, instead Wilbur found himself wanting to be more like the people on this server. Not like the heroes everybody wanted to be like, but more like the people he had met. More like the heroes who put their lives on the line just to save the lives of strangers, more like the teachers who put so much time into helping the next generation to be the best version of themselves, the villains who were just trying to do the right thing in a world with the cards so stacked against them. They were the people who inspired Wilbur. Those not afraid to help others, those not afraid to speak up under injustices, those who changed history. That's all Wilbur wanted in life. To be remembered, and to make a difference. He still had a lot to learn, and this server was the best place for him to do so. He couldn't leave just yet. Phil and Tommy just had to hold on tight for a little while longer.

Chapter End Notes

Genuine question: If I were to include other characters dimension hopping, who would you like to see? Like, would you like to see other characters who have technically died, or would you prefer seeing some less expected faces? Any good suggestions might make their way into the story lol

Here's some of the current contenders for being included in this fic:

- Jack Manifold (Technically already died, and is on his forth life)
- Philza Minecraft(He did say he read up on some stuff and tried some things out)
- Erret(Again, they also said they did research on it)
- TommyInnit(Cannonically died)
- Dream(Does he truly know all? ;))
- KarlJacobs(Dimension travelling is only one step up from timetravelling)

Edit: -Technoblade(Died during his execution)

Interships

Chapter Summary

Wilbur helps out Aizawa with the interships

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The rest of the day passed in a blur, Wilbur not mentally present for most of it. He was pretty shaken up by the whole failed resurrection, and it didn't help that Aizawa kept looking at him with an almost worried expression. He had never seen the man show this much emotion before, and he hated the fact that he was the cause of it. Even some of the students seemed to have picked up on it, if the quick glances shot his way all throughout the day were anything to go off of.

"Soot, we need to talk." Aizawa called out as the students filtered out of the classroom, brows furrowed as he looked at Wilbur. Sighing to himself, Wilbur resigned to his fate and walked up to the man's desk, leaning against it. "If this is about this morning, I already told you I don't know what happened." He murmured, pointedly looking out of the window to avoid looking at the other man.

"No, it's not that. It's about the internships. My agency has offered a spot to a student, who has decided to take the offer. I wanted to ask you if you would be interested in helping out. It's not like there will be anything for you to do here at UA during that week anyways." Aizawa explained as he sorted through some papers on his desk. Wilbur blinked a few times, looking back at the teacher. "Oh? Who would this student be, if I may ask?" He asked. "Shinsou Hitoshi, the kid from Gen Ed who went against Midoriya." Wilbur's features pulled into an expression of surprise.

"Shinsou is interning under you? Oh hell yeah, I'll help out! He's a good kid, you'll love him." Wilbur grinned, glad the teen was finally getting the chance to prove himself. "You know him?" Aizawa asked, brows knitting together in confusion. A chuckle escaped Wilbur's lips as he nodded. "We worked at the same cafe for a while. Didn't know his quirk was that cool though, he never told me what it was. I get why he didn't, some people here are bloody weird about certain quirktypes man." He explained, realizing a bit too late his wording might have been a bit odd. Aizawa didn't seem to notice, moving on as if Wilbur didn't accidentally make him sound like an alien trying to blend in among humans for the first time.

-X-X-X-

Wilbur wasn't quite sure what he had expected Aizawa's internship plan to be, but he certainly hadn't thought it would just be him putting Shinsou through so much training it made Wilbur wonder how the teen was still able to stand. The first day, Wilbur had watched the duo spar for most of the day, refusing to participate. He didn't want a repeat of what had happened during that training exercise a few weeks ago. Aizawa had already seen too much, one more panic attack around the man and Wilbur would have to start coming up with a better excuse than 'me and my dad were arguing before I left'.

The second day Wilbur did get to participate. Aizawa wanted to teach Shinsou how to get around the city faster, which meant most of the day was spent trying to teach the kid the basics of parkouring. While Wilbur had never been an amazing parkourist, he wasn't horrible at it either. But, apparently everybody was shit at parkour on this server, since Aizawa seemed genuinely impressed as Wilbur leaped from platform to platform. He played it off as being part of his quirk, since after all most videogames used some form of platforming, so it made sense he was good at jumping around. If Aizawa had his doubts about the explanation, he didn't voice them, simply asking Wilbur to show Shinsou how to do a particular jump once more.

Day three was another sparring day, though this time both Aizawa and Shinsou were using what Wilbur had been told was a capturing weapon. To him, it just looked like a fancy scarf that could move, but hey he wasn't one to judge. Wilbur again chose to watch, though he had an actual reason to do so; Nezu had given him a stack of paperwork he needed to look through. What it was about, he hadn't been told, just that it was important. A yellow sticky note was tacked on top of the first page of the stack of papers, which Wilbur ripped off before reading it.

'Sign all of these, and read them over! :) -Nezu'

Wilbur wasn't sure why, but the sight of that oh so familiar smiley made his stomach tense up. Now that he came to think about it, he hadn't really thought about Dream at all since arriving here. A man who had such an influence on his life had been so easily forgotten. The idea alone made Wilbur chuckle. Dream would probably have lost his mind if he ever came to know he was that easily forgotten.

Wilbur and Dream had an odd relationship to say the least. On paper, they were supposed to be arch rivals, one posing as the good guy who wanted nothing more than freedom for his people, and the other posing as the bad guy who refused to let go of the power he possessed. In reality, things were a lot less black and white than they seemed. Dream was not necessarily the only bad guy, nor was Wilbur the true good guy. They were both after the same thing, but used very different strategies to get what they wanted.

Dream used brute force. Whether that meant starting actual wars, or striking up deals and pacts, it all came down to Dream using his power and influence for his own gain. Wilbur didn't have that power to bank off of. No, he had to build himself up, had to find ways to legitimize his power before he could do anything. Wilbur used subtlety and diplomacy; Words were sometimes more powerful than swords, especially when he didn't have the best fighting skills to begin with.

Their approaches might have been different, but they had the same goal, and they were both aware of this fact too. Dream hadn't given Wilbur the TNT out of the goodness of his heart. He took advantage of Wilbur's obsession with wanting to get rid of L'manberg, to both knock out the country that had been a thorn in his side from the beginning, and to further the unrest within Pogtopia. It was brilliant, Wilbur could admit that now looking back on it. Dream had known Tommy wouldn't agree with the plan, creating tension within the already weak faction. He knew that even if Pogtopia won, there was no chance it would last long given the already strained relationships. He played Wilbur, and Wilbur played right along.

Idly, Wilbur wondered if Dream had always meant for him to die that day, or if that had been a surprise to him too. Sure, Dream would have known that Phil was arriving, but Wilbur doubted anyone could have anticipated that the winged man would drive a sword through his son's chest that same day. He couldn't even remember whether Dream was still around by the time the explosion went off, though he didn't think so. The masked man knew exactly when Wilbur was going to hit the button, so he probably got his men out of there the second he noticed Wilbur excusing himself from the celebration speech.

L'manberg had been his attempt at getting the power he deep down had believed he deserved. When it became clear those he trusted clearly didn't want him to have that power, he became obsessed with the idea that if he couldn't have it, nobody could. It was such a selfish idea, he now saw that everybody had rightfully not trusted him with power. Schlatt hadn't been a good president either, but he would have never become president had Wilbur just listened to those around him. He should have just allowed Quackity to run, should've never brought on Schlatt, should have never accepted the TNT-

“Soot, lunch break. C’mon, I know you’re not actually doing anything. You’ve been staring at that page for two hours now.” Aizawa’s voice drew him out of his spiral, flinching as he came back to reality. “Right, yeah sorry been daydreaming a bit, I’ll come in a second, don’t wait for me.” He assured with a small smile. He watched the duo hesitantly leave, a sigh leaving his throat. Looking down at the smiley that had caused Wilbur’s thoughts to run wild, he crumbled up the note. As he left the training hall, he tossed the little ball of paper in the trash.

Chapter End Notes

I really appreciate everybody's suggestions after last chapter!! If you ever have any suggestions, ideas, heck anything you want to share, feel free to comment it! I love reading y'all's theories and analysis' on certain characters, events, etc even if they don't relate to the fic :)

Similiar Mistakes

Chapter Summary

Wilbur faces Stain

Chapter Notes

back to your regularly scheduled double updates :D

On his way home after the fourth day of Shinsou's internship, Wilbur ran into some trouble. The day itself had been pretty uneventful, just more sparring and a bit more of parkour training. Aizawa wasn't going easy on the teenager, and the kid was doing his best to keep up. During the few times Wilbur helped out, he made sure to tone it down a bit. Shinsou was good, but not good enough to leap from rooftop to rooftop without some guidance just yet. He was pretty sure Aizawa knew by now that Wilbur was taking it easy on the teen, but just hadn't brought it up yet. Or maybe he didn't quite believe Shinsou was ready yet either.

Wilbur had decided to take the long route home, just wanting to stretch his legs a bit. Sure, doing the same jump fifteen times just to show Shinsou exactly how to do it was technically also stretching his legs, but it just didn't feel the same as walking through the cold streets of the city at night with the only light being the way too bright streetlights. Wilbur reckoned staring into one of those fuckers for too long could definitely cause somebody to gain a permanent blindness effect.

He was about four blocks away from his house when he heard it, an inhuman sounding shriek tearing through the air. The only sound that Wilbur knew that came even close to what he had just heard was that of a phantom swooping down, though this sounded a lot more fierce. It sounded familiar, though he couldn't place where he had heard it before. His feet moved before he could think, hands already opening up his inventory to grab his bow.

What he came face to face with was indeed familiar; A Nomu was wreaking havoc downtown, attacking civilians as multiple heroes tried to stop it. From a distance, Wilbur spotted Endeavor amongst the heroes. He briefly considered just turning around, since well,

he didn't really feel like working together with that man. That thought made him freeze in his spot. Was he really about to let civilians get hurt just because he found Endeavor a bit of a prick? Fuck, this server was starting to get to him. He might not be a hero, but he for a moment understood why some heroes didn't always intervene, and he sincerely wished to never understand it again.

He took aim, firing a series of weakness arrows at the Nomu. Two hit, which made Wilbur feel rather victorious. If his shaky hands could still aim a bow, there was still a chance for him. The creature screeched as the arrows' potion-dipped tips kicked in. Where it had been visibly healing from every injury before, it now could barely bat its wings. Wilbur let out a cackle as he approached the heroes, glaring up at the Nomu who was rapidly crashing to the ground. "Take that, you overgrown bat! God, I hate those fuckers." He exclaimed, ignoring the looks he was getting.

As he slid his bow back in this inventory, Endeavor approached him. "There's more of them all over town. I need to go after my son, he ran off when the Nomu appeared." He made it sound like an order, like Wilbur was supposed to go out and fight the other ones while Endeavor went after his runaway kid. The problem was of course that nobody told Wilbur 'if you say I can't do the thing I'll just start a nation so I can do the thing' Soot what to do. So of course Wilbur tailed the hero. It wasn't like it was hard, the man was built like a truck and had literal fire for a beard. He could follow the man by scent alone; If anyone knew the scent of fire, it was Wilbur. At any given time on the Dream SMP it could be guaranteed that at least one building was on fire. Arson was such a regular occurrence that it was rarely even seen as a crime. When everybody did it, it wasn't really a crime anymore.

Turns out Todoroki had encountered more than just a Nomu. Wilbur arrived at the scene a few moments after Endeavor, but he could gather the basics of what had happened based on the absolute state of the area. Ice covered most of the alleyway, along with random slashes that looked like they came from a sword. There were multiple pools of blood as he walked through the poorly lit area, making his nose scrunch up a bit. He approached the group of heroes, students and sidekicks, curious as to what had happened. A half dead looking man was sitting tied up behind the group, making Wilbur assume that man must've been the villain the students faced off against. He looked the part, plus the two swords on his back seemed to match the slash marks Wilbur had noticed.

Wilbur was about to ask what was going on, when that by now familiar shrieking once again tore through the air. Within the blink of an eye, a Nomu had snatched up Midoriya. One moment, the villain looking guy was sat tied up, the next he's plunging a knife into the Nomu's exposed brain. The heroes around him were in a similar state of shock as the monster crashed to the ground, the villain and hero-in-training going down with it.

“This society is overgrown with fake heroes, and criminals who wave their power around idly! They should be purged.” The man’s voice sounded like one would expect a criminal to sound, almost making Wilbur want to scoff. As he listened to the man rant about how truly corrupt all heroes were and how the only true hero was All Might, he couldn’t stop the sigh from leaving his lungs. The villain was delusional at best, and Wilbur would know. It takes one to know one. As he approached the man, he realised nobody else was moving. It confused him a bit, until he noticed how even the pro heroes around looked absolutely terrified, like this villain was so much more terrifying than the Nomus they had faced earlier. Wilbur didn’t see it.

“You make quite the showman, but I don’t buy it. C’mon, you want me to believe in a world with over seven billion people there’s only one hero with decent morals? You really believe every single hero out there is in it for the cash? Or, ‘corrupted’ in your words? Don’t you hear how batshit that sounds man?” Wilbur questioned, a chuckle leaving his throat when the villain had the audacity to look surprised that somebody had challenged his bold claims. “Sure, some heroes are bad, don’t get me wrong, but who are you to decide who is and isn’t good? Because from where I stand, you sound like a guy with a god complex who thinks he’s the only enlightened one sent down to rid the world of evil. Which, funnily enough, is how a lot of those heroes you hate so much also see themselves. If your ideology fundamentally is the same as that of those you claim are sinners, doesn’t that make you a sinner too?” Wilbur didn’t care if the smile on his lips was slightly unhinged, he was having too much fun seeing the conflicted feelings play out across the villain's features.

That was when he realised why nobody else was moving; Before Wilbur had spoken up, the villain had been putting out such a bloodlust that it must have scared the group; Now that he thought about it, he hadn’t really felt anybody with such a heavy aura around them in this server before. Unfortunately for the villain, Wilbur grew up with Technoblade, who had such a heavy bloodlust that he was literally dubbed the Blood God. The amount of times Wilbur woke up to find Phil once again trying to tame an almost feral Technoblade would probably be considered alarming on this server.

“They are the true evil! They are sinners who have corrupted the world!” The villain tried, but Wilbur didn’t buy it. “If a few rotten apples managed to corrupt the entire world, it wasn’t them. There were clearly fundamental issues that you don’t want to acknowledge since you’re not really here to change the world, now are you? You have a personal score to settle. Stop hiding behind some bigger cause bullshit and just admit you want to kill heroes because you feel wronged by them. If you actually wanted to do some good, you would have stuck out for the people who are actively being affected by the way society functions instead of going after the people who are just trying to do their job. Stop being a pretentious bastard.”

Wilbur took another step towards the man, practically nose to nose with him now. He grinned down at him, teeth showing as he craned his neck a bit. “Aww, is the little babyman upset somebody broke through his little aura? I’ve felt more threatening auras while eating cereal. You ain’t shit compared to the Blood God.” He laughed, briefly imagining all the ways Technoblade would have already slaughtered the man in front of him within the short span of time they had been talking. “Not every hero is in it for the money, not every villain is in it to be a nuisance to society. Things aren’t black and white. If you actually opened your eyes and looked around, you’d see how we’re all just people trying to make shit work. Heroes, villains, and everything in between, it doesn’t matter in the grand scheme of things. We all eat, shit and die someday.”

“What does matter, is what we make of what limited time we have here. We all leave something behind when we inevitably hit the bucket, good or bad. Do you really want your legacy to be a god complex and a trail of dead bodies?” Wilbur questioned, pushing down the voice in the back of his head that reminded him that technically, that was his legacy too. “As a man who knows a thing or two about doing dumb shit thinking it’s for the greater good, it usually isn’t. One day, you’ll wake up and realise what you’ve done and you’ll hate yourself. I’m trying to save you the pain. Just let it be man. Find a nonviolent way to make a change. Start a petition or something.” He slipped out of his villain role, knowing if he stayed in that mindset too long he’d spiral. His voice wavered near the end, but he didn’t let it slow him down.

He opened his mouth to add onto his rant, but before he could get a word out, the villain collapsed. Blinking a few times, he looked between the body and the group behind him, who all suddenly started to move. It was like they were snapped out of whatever trance the bloodthirsty aura had forced them under. He let them handle the passed out villain, stumbling away from the scene to catch his breath. His hands clutched his healed stab wound, nails scraping against his skin through the fabric of his shirt. He had definitely gone too far, had said too much. As he leaned against a nearby wall, he caught Todoroki’s eyes, who’s expression spoke volumes more than he had ever said out loud.

Wilbur didn’t give him any answers, couldn’t give him any information without admitting to once being in the villains spot before. So convinced he was doing the right thing, that he was ridding the world of evil without realising the only evil was he himself. Admitting that to himself was hard enough, actually having to tell people in this server about it was something he wasn’t ready for yet. But he knew the students would have questions. Maybe he’d be able to answer them, maybe he wouldn’t. Right now, all he wanted was to go home and curl up on his couch with Friend and maybe cry for a while. Screaming until his throat started to go hoarse sounded like a lovely way to spend the rest of his Thursday night.

Sadly, he wasn't allowed to go home just yet. They forced him to get a medical checkup, even after he showed them his heartbar which hadn't moved at all, showing them he was fine. After a nurse ran a bunch of tests on him he only half understood, a cop started asking him a bunch of questions he only answered to humour the man. He was dead tired, and just wanted to forget about everything that happened.

That's when Wilbur ran into a slight problem; The cop asked to see his license. Wilbur pursed his lips, trying to come up with a good excuse before just giving up. "I don't have one, I just rushed in to help when I realised what was going on. I didn't use my quirk though, so y'know how illegal was it really? I've been told it only counts as vigilante action if I use my quirk, which I clearly didn't so... Yeah, no license. Do have a hero name though. Phatheon, sounds pretty cool right?" Wilbur rambled, doing what he did best; Talk his way out of things.

Somehow, the cop didn't arrest him on the spot. He was let off the hook with a warning, which was a mistake on the cop's part as Wilbur was most definitely going to do the exact same thing again if the opportunity arose. By the time he was finally allowed to leave, the sun was already starting to come up. Just his luck. Shooting Aizawa a quick message that he wouldn't be able to make it to work that day, Wilbur went home with the intention to sleep for the next fourteen hours.

-X-X-X-

A man clad in a multicoloured hoodie frowned as he hit repeat on his communicator, the screen showing the fight between the villain known as the 'Herokiller: Stain' and a new hero only known as 'Phatheon' to the public. The video was low quality, but one could clearly hear what was being said. It wasn't necessarily the actual words being spoken that had caught the hoodie wearing man's attention. No, it was the person who was saying them. Why was Wilbur Soot, who wasn't even supposed to be in this dimension, preaching morals to a villain? Turning off his communicator, Karl opened up his dairy. Summoning up a quilt, he started to write.

Entry ???:

Wilbur is here, and he is very much not dead.

The Fallout

Chapter Summary

The fight between Wilbur and Stain ended up going viral, whatever that means

Chapter Notes

Again thank you for all the support <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur yawned as he made his way to the coffee machine, idly rubbing his cheek. Somehow even after spending most of the weekend asleep, he still felt tired. Maybe it was just because it was monday morning, and somehow everybody always seemed tired on mondays on this server. Once he had gotten his hands on a steaming mug of coffee, he slowly started to make his way to the 1A classroom. The internships had ended on friday, meaning regular classes were picking back up today. Wilbur couldn't say he was thrilled to sit in the back all day while listening to teachers preaching things he didn't even understand. What the hell was a square root anyways?

As he slid open the door to the classroom, a silence fell over the usually quite chatty teenagers, all eyes on Wilbur as he closed the door behind him. He quirked up one of his brows in confusion. "Why are you all looking at me like that? Do I have something on my face?" He questioned, a nervous chuckle falling from his lips. Had he done something without realising?

"What- You went viral man! Everybody saw the video!" Kaminari was the first to speak up, practically yelling as he rose from his seat. Wilbur felt even more confused at that. "What video? I have no idea what you're talking about." He murmured, eyes searching for any clues as to what was going on. This felt like a shitty prank, though it wasn't a particularly funny one.

"Somebody recorded the uh, the fight between Stain and you." Midoriya piped up, making Wilbur blink a few times. "So? Why does that matter?" He hated feeling this lost, just

wanting somebody to explain to him why this was such a big deal all of the sudden. “What Kaminari and Midoriya are trying to say is that a bystander recorded the altercation between the hero killer Stain and you and that it has been viewed by a lot of people online.” Yaoyarozu was a true lifesaver. That... didn’t sound good, but it at least made a bit more sense.

“Okay, call me a boomer but I really don’t get why that’s such a big deal? I already spoke to the police, I didn’t break any laws. Not any they can prove, anyways.” Wilbur murmured the last part into his cup before taking a sip. “It is a big deal! You faced off against one of the worst villains currently out there! And you called him a baby man! The internet loves you mister Soot!” Mina exclaimed, an expression of awe on her features.

“That guy was one of the worst villains here?” Wilbur was a bit surprised by that. Hell, even Hand Boy had been more put together than the guy Wilbur had faced. “What kind of shit name is Stain anyways? ‘The Hero Killer’, that is so unnecessarily edgy.” He muttered to himself as he approached his desk. The students were still staring at him, some in awe, others with something similar to distrust.

“I get that you probably saw the video and were a bit surprised, but I did tell you that I’m qualified to be here. I don’t get why you all look so surprised about me taking on some villain when that’s quite literally what you kids are training to do too.” Wilbur sighed. That caused a few students to think for a moment, their stares finally leaving Wilbur.

“With all due respect sir, we hadn’t ever seen you in action before. We’re all just a bit surprised by how you verbally took down a villain who is known to murder heroes and villains alike.” Tsuyu was straight to the point as per usual, and Wilbur dearly appreciated it. “Well, you saw what I did. Heard what I said. Make of that what you will. You should be focusing on your schoolwork, not on whatever I do in my free time.” With that, the topic was dropped for at least a while.

Right as Wilbur was about to head off to the teachers’ lounge for lunch, Bakugou approached his desk. As the other students left the room, only Wilbur and Bakugou were left behind. With a sigh, Wilbur looked down at Bakugou. “Can I help you with something?” He asked, hoping the answer was no. Of course, luck was not on Wilbur’s side. “Why do you know so much about being a villain?” Bakugou demanded, fiery red eyes meeting Wilbur’s bored brown ones.

“... I made some mistakes when I was younger. One teeny tiny mistake snowballed into me getting wrapped up in something I shouldn’t have. I thought I was doing the right thing, that I was making a difference for the better, but I see now that I was wrong. I paid the price for my mistakes, and I’m not the same man that I was back then anymore.” Wilbur answered honestly, too tired to bother coming up with some witty remark to get the boy to back off. Looking down into his empty cup, he let out a wry chuckle. “It only took me three wrong moves to end up a villain, yet it took a hell of a lot more to become a good person. I know I’m no hero, I barely qualify as a decent person, but I don’t think I’m a villain anymore, if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Bakugo scowled to himself, briefly looking away. The way his brows dipped together made Wilbur assume the boy was considering the older man’s words. He turned back to look at the teacher, mouth opening for a moment before shutting again. Wilbur wondered what had changed, for this wasn’t the same boy who had threatened to kill him a few weeks ago.

“When you threatened me with your bow, you actually considered shooting me, didn’t you?” He asked, tone wavering as if he didn’t truly want to know the answer. Wilbur hummed for a moment, nodding without any hesitation. “Not to kill you though. I grew up in a somewhat... rougher environment. You caught me at a bad moment and I slipped. I’m sorry about that, by the way. Threatening a literal child with a bow for getting on my nerves is not one of my proudest moments, I’ll admit.” Wilbur chuckled softly as he shook his head a bit.

“I don’t get you. You’re clearly an idiot, you don’t even know what viral means and I’ve seen you struggle to follow mister Ectoplasm’s math classes, yet you’re also a teacher and... a half decent hero. You piss me off.” Bakugo grumbled, and for a moment all Wilbur could see was a young Tommy cutting a piece of Nikki’s hair off just because he didn’t like the fact she was hanging out with Wilbur more than him. Bakugo was clearly emotionally stunted, it didn’t take a genius to figure that out, but Wilbur realised now that there was more to it than him just being a prick for the sake of being a prick.

“Yeah, I tend to have that effect on people.” Wilbur laughed, shrugging a bit. “You’ll get used to it after a while, just give it some time. In the meantime, you should really work on your temper mate.” That caused the boy to devolve into a fit of yelling, mostly about how his temper was fine, Wilbur was the one who needed to check his temper, and he was a bastard. Wilbur couldn’t stop himself from laughing, the image of Tommy and him having similar debates back in Pogtopia still fresh in his mind.

-X-X-X-

Sitting up on top of a skyscraper, Karl replayed the video once more. He had lost count of the amount of times he had watched it by now, yet he still hadn't gotten much further in figuring out what exactly was going on. The group of pro heroes had been pretty easy to identify, though the kids hiding among them were a bit harder to find information about. One turned out to be the son of one of the pros on the scene, Todoroki Shoto. Another was the younger brother of one of Stain's previous victims, Iida Tenya. The last kid, the one the Nomu had scooped up, Karl couldn't find anything about, only his name; Midoriya Izuku. All three of them were heroes in training at UA, and were part of 1A.

Doing some digging into UA gave Karl a lot to work with. Apparently, an excursion had been attacked by a group of villains only a few weeks ago. The details of it were pretty vague in the media, though the UA servers had a lot more information about the attack stored away. Was it legal for Karl to access those servers? No, but Karl really needed to know. It wasn't like they were going to ever find out it was him anyways; His communicator was pretty much untraceable by the technology of this world.

Turns out, the attack hadn't been stopped by All Might like the media said it was. No, instead a certain unnamed individual had managed to stall the villains until backup arrived. A day after the event, a new member was added to the faculty list. Wilbur Soot, hero name Phatheon, was on paper a teacher's assistant with some added privileges that didn't seem to line up with his job title. For example, he was allowed to run hero training exercises even though he didn't even have a license. Karl frowned. How the hell had Wilbur managed to talk himself into one of the best hero schools around without a license? This whole situation was confusing.

A yelp left his throat as a hand landed on his shoulders, head snapping towards the owner of the hand. He came face to face with a porcelain white mask, the smiley on it oozing a threatening aura. "Dream? How... How'd you know where I was?" Karl let out a nervous chuckle, hurrying to switch off his communicator. "Oh come on now Karl, you didn't seriously think I didn't know about your little dimension travelling hobby? I'm almost hurt." Dream drew out, smirk audible in his voice as he cocked his head to the side. Karl gulped.

"I-I..." He started, but Dream cut him off. "Don't worry, I'm not here to stop you. I'm actually here for somebody else. See, a little birdie told me somebody from my server ended up on this server, and we can't have that of course." Dream took a step back, approaching the edge of the rooftop. His netherite axe glistened in the sunlight, making Karl worry for Wilbur's fate if the admin did end up finding him. "Who are you looking for? May.. Maybe I can help?" Karl offered, voice shaking a bit. He couldn't help it, Dream was a scary man.

Sure, technically they had fought on the same side once, but really that was only because Sapnap had asked Karl to join. Karl had barely even spoken to Dream before!

“I’m looking for Wilbur. He went here after he died instead of perma dying. It’s unnatural. So, I’m here to make sure this time, he stays dead.” Dream explained it like he hadn’t just admitted to planning to murder a man. “Isn’t that a bit... harsh? If he ended up here upon dying, maybe he’s, y’know, meant to be here...?” Karl hesitantly suggested, flinching as Dream snapped to face him. “I didn’t ask for your opinion Karl. If you know his location, give it to me. If you don’t, find him.” Dream’s tone wasn’t as light anymore, sounding a lot more serious. Karl shakily nodded, softly clearing his throat. “I haven’t seen any sign from him. I’ll- I’ll start looking though!” He lied. He couldn’t rat out Wilbur’s location to a man dead set on killing him.

As Dream disappeared into a wave of pixels, Karl let out a relieved sigh. Oh honk, things were not looking good for him. He had just lied to the admin of his home server to save the life of an ex-president-turned-terrorist-turned-hero. He had just wanted to check out a new universe, to gather some more stories for his library! How did he always manage to find himself in the middle of trouble everywhere he went?

Chapter End Notes

A friend suggested maybe starting up a discord server for this fic, where we can share theories, ideas, options, etc surrounding this fic and the fandoms it involves. Would anybody be interested in joining such a server? :)

A fresh new look

Chapter Summary

The finals approach

Chapter Notes

On my double updates bullshit again B)

Again thanks for all the support, I really appreciate it <3

Wilbur's Wednesday started off with an unexpected meeting with Nezu. The bear had been waiting for Wilbur in the lounge, a bright smile on his features as Wilbur entered the room. "Wilbur! Do you have a moment? We need to have a talk." Nezu's phrasing made a shiver run down Wilbur's spine, the feeling bringing back memories of Phil calling a teenage Wilbur downstairs to have a chat after Wilbur's latest 'adventures'. Young him had been a handful, Wilbur had a lot of respect for Phil for putting up with him. Any man that had to deal with teenagers sneaking out of the house deserved a medal in Wilbur's humble opinion.

"Am I in trouble?" Wilbur joked, following after the bear towards his office. Nezu hummed for a moment. "Not in trouble necessarily, but we do have to discuss some serious topics." He answered, making Wilbur's stomach twist. That didn't sound ominous at all. "Is this about that whole Stain ordeal? I talked with the cops and they said I was all good." Wilbur still didn't fully get why everybody was so worked up about the video. He didn't receive a response, instead Nezu just motioned towards the couch.

"UA has been under a lot of scrutiny by the public after the USJ attack. There has been a rise in villain attacks lately, plus with villains like Stain and Shigaraki gaining a following, there is a lot of tension at the moment. People are looking for somebody to fix everything, somebody who can solve the issues at hand. Your actions against Stain seem to have made some people think you are the answer. The problem is, that in their eyes you were just a bystander who stepped in and said the right thing." Nezu started, tone calm and non accusatory. He wasn't blaming Wilbur for stepping in, just stating the facts at hand.

“Once the footage of your actions went viral, there was a record amount of vigilante sightings. You inspired people to stand up against what they think is wrong, which in theory is wonderful, but also very illegal. That is why I want to put out a statement regarding your hero status. Once people realise you are indeed a licensed pro hero, I suspect the vigilante rates will go down again.” Nezu explained, excitement present in his voice.

“That sounds great and all, but I’m not a licensed pro though? I did technically act as a vigilante.” Wilbur pointed out, brows furrowing a bit. That seemed to be the right thing to ask as Nezu pulled a card from somewhere on his desk and extended it to Wilbur. Curiously craning his neck a bit, he took the card. It was made of hard, shiny plastic and had a photo of Wilbur on it, along with his hero name and his general information. The photo was taken when the man had been asleep on the couch in the teachers’ lounge, beanie covering half his face. “It was the only picture anybody had of you. We can get a better one at a later date. For now, it should do the job. Congratulations Phatheon, you are now officially a pro hero.” Nezu grinned. Wilbur blinked a few times, admiring the card in his hand.

He knew it shouldn’t have been so surprising that Nezu had actually managed to get him a license, but it meant more to him than he could express to the bear sitting across from him. Because this meant Nezu genuinely saw him as a good enough person to be a hero, even while knowing Wilbur’s past. He knew the terrible things Wilbur had done, yet he still thought Wilbur had what it took to be a hero. A sniffle escaped him as he wiped his face with his sleeve, refusing to admit he had grown teary eyed at the sight of the license.

“Thank you Nezu, I... I appreciate it. I won’t let you down.” Wilbur promised, wholeheartedly meaning his words for once. Nezu chuckled, a soft smile on his lips. “I trust you will not. I would not give you this license if I had any doubts about you, Wilbur. Now, another thing I wanted to discuss was getting you a hero costume.” Wilbur chuckled, shaking his head a bit. “I’m not wearing any bright neons, like I’ll be upfront about that, I’ll say pass to bright blue stripes.” He joked, his earlier stress melting away as he chatted with Nezu.

Fashion had never been Wilbur’s speciality. He was a man who preferred comfort and practicality over aesthetics. Sweaters, coats and pants with lots of pockets and tshirts made up most of his closet. So when handed an empty seat with a mannequin on it that he could draw his costume on, Wilbur hesitated. His pencil hovered above the paper for a minute, before he finally got to work. He wasn’t a great artist, so he made sure to write down little descriptions of everything he drew next to the drawing.

It took him a while to get everything just right, but he was pretty proud of the final product. Nezu watched him work, occasionally commenting on whatever item Wilbur was working

on. Wilbur appreciated the suggestions, since Nezu clearly knew more about costumes than Wilbur did. Once Wilbur was satisfied with his drawing, he handed it to Nezu, who told him he'd pass it on to the support course students as soon as possible. They continued to chat a little while longer, during which they ended up discussing the upcoming finals a bit. Nezu had a plan for the finals, and Wilbur was more than happy to be a part of it.

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None of the students were told what the finals would consist of, which made sense considering out in the field they wouldn't know what they would encounter beforehand either. At the same time, he could understand that it must have been nerve wrecking for the students to have to prepare for an exam they knew nothing about. Being a hero student sounded like hard work. Wilbur was starting to be pretty glad he had never gone to school before. Bless Philza Minecraft for homeschooling him.

Most of the UA staff were gathered in the fake city UA had built for training purposes, chatting amongst themselves while waiting for the students to arrive. A few days prior, they had a meeting going over exactly how the finals would be taking place. Every teacher would be facing off against a duo of students, though the teacher's would be getting a handicap to make it a bit more fair towards the students. The students had to either escape through a certain gate before the time ran out, or cuff the teacher with special handcuffs. The pairs were decided beforehand, and weren't left up to chance.

All Might and Eraserhead had insisted on pairing up Bakugou Midoriya, which Wilbur wasn't about to let happen. "Why? I get that you want them to settle their bad blood or whatever, but this seems a bit of a blunt approach to a sensitive issue." He pointed out, straightening up in his seat a bit. "On the field, you sometimes have to work with people you don't like too. That's just life." Aizawa murmured, making Wilbur scoff. "Come on, you can't actually be that dim. Bakugou clearly caused lasting damage to Midoriya's mental state. That's not the same as having to work together with someone you mildly dislike!" Wilbur's voice rose a bit too loud for his own liking.

"If you really think this will be beneficial for the both of them, sure go ahead. But when those two end up only fighting each other, don't act like they're being the fools here." Wilbur decided to dial it back a bit, mentally apologizing to Midoriya for failing to stop them. Nezu thought for a moment, looking between the three teachers currently glaring at each other. "Alright, that's settled then. Bakugou and Midoriya will be facing off against All Might in the finals." Wilbur wanted to scream, but instead just slouched in his seat. This was destined to be a shit show.

In the end, Nezu decided Wilbur would be the one observing the finals to make sure everything ran as smoothly as possible. Wilbur was grateful he wouldn't have to fight, though he knew he would have to face the music at some point. He couldn't outrun his demons forever. Even though he wouldn't actually be present on the training grounds during the exams, he was still standing with the other teachers in front of the entrance. Well, not all of them were standing; Nezu had claimed he wanted a higher vantage point before politely asking Wilbur if he would mind if the bear sat on his shoulders for a moment. That had been thirty minutes ago, and Nezu didn't seem to intend on moving any time soon. Wilbur didn't mind. He used to carry Fundy like this all the time, and Nezu was a pretty light bear.

Wilbur was dressed in his new hero costume. Nezu had forced it into his hands earlier that morning when he arrived, practically ordering him to go change. It was very reminiscent of his old Pogtopia uniform, but with a fresh twist. His trousers had been replaced by a pair of black combat pants with pockets running down most of the sides of them. As much as Wilbur loved his old coat, he knew he couldn't keep running around in it without damaging it, so his new costume had a brand new coat that was pretty similar to his old one, except the back was different; The old L'manberg flag had been hand painted onto the back of the light brown fabric. He wore a plain white button up underneath it, with a belt looped across his chest filled with materials he could use for crafting. They had even loaded one of the pockets with real diamonds, which Wilbur had almost immediately used to make a new axe. He couldn't enchant it for the time being, but it did the trick. His worn out sneakers were replaced by a fresh set of combat boots, signature beanie keeping his hair in place, fingerless gloves shoving off his blue stained fingers, and to finish off the costume Nezu had added a pair of goggles with all kinds of fancy tech in them that Wilbur didn't fully understand.

He wasn't going to lie, he felt pretty badass in his new gear, though he still didn't get why most heroes chose for the brightest colours imaginable for their hero costume. With how much freedom heroes were given while designing, why would one ever pick bright blue over a more neutral tone that could actually help one blend in with one's surroundings? It made no sense, and Wilbur had a lot of opinions about it.

As the students started to slowly arrive, Wilbur had expected Nezu to move, but the bear was more than content to just stay on the taller man's shoulders. Wilbur didn't question it, instead resting his hands on his hips, fingers barely brushing against the hilt of the axe hanging at his side. He received a few compliments on his new costume, which he deflected for the most part by saying Nezu did most of the actual designing.

Once all the students were present, Aizawa and Nezu started to explain what the day would look like for the students. Wilbur could see a few of them grow nervous during the

explanation, which made him pity the poor kids a bit. It must be pretty intimidating to have to face off against your own teachers. Wilbur remembered the first time he sparred against Technoblade, and man sometimes he swore he could still feel the pain of the first blow the piglin had landed. He broke his wrist during that sparring session, and to this day it still sometimes made a weird clicking sound when he moved it.

As Nezu started to list off the duos and who they would be facing off against, Wilbur shot Midoriya an apologetic look as his duo was announced. He promised to himself he would keep an extra close eye on their match. When everything was explained, the students and teachers split off to the areas where they would have their respective matches. Wilbur left for the control room with a woman who introduced herself as Recovery Girl. She seemed like a sweet old lady, and the two chatted for a bit before the matches started.

“I heard from All Might that there was a new staff member, but I hadn’t gotten around to introducing myself yet, pardon my manners. I tend to have my hands full most of the time with injured students and whatnot.” Recovery girl said as she sat down near one of the screens that would be displaying the matches in a moment. “Ah, no worries ma’am, it’s totally understandable. You have quite an important job here, so no hard feelings. Honestly, it’s probably more on me that we haven’t met before. I’ve been meaning to swing by your office for a while now, but things keep coming up.” Wilbur sheepishly chuckled, rubbing the back of his neck a bit.

“Oh? Please tell me you aren’t hiding any injuries from me just because you think you don’t have the time to get it checked out. I can’t handle another self destructive staff member.” Recovery girl sighed as she looked at him, at which Wilbur rapidly shook his head. “Oh no, no it’s nothing like that don’t worry. It’s just, uh, I’ve been experiencing some random changes to my body that I think stem from my quirk but I’m not sure. They’re not like, a big deal or bothersome, I just thought it might be worth getting checked out some day.” Wilbur shrugged a bit. The woman besides him hummed for a moment. “I’ll take a look at it after the finals for you.” She decided, nodding to herself.

Wilbur was about to object, when the screens flickered to live. Straightening up in his seat, he got his notebook ready. He was supposed to do the countdowns and announcements as well as monitor the exams, so as he watched the first two students and the first teacher get into positions, he flicked on the microphone, and started to count backwards. As he reached one, the finals officially started.

New Mistakes

Chapter Summary

The finals start, and things go a bit wrong

Chapter Notes

Again thanks for all the support <3

No double update today because I feel a bit shit lol no worries though I'll be fine tomorrow :)

The first pair up were Kirishima and Satou against Cementoss, which ended in both boys failing. They both had a time limit on their quirk whereas Cementoss could keep going for as long as he wanted. Wilbur noted down that they both needed to work on extending their quirk stamina, before starting off the second match. Tokoyami and Asui had a bit more luck in their match, the pair managing to cuff Ectoplasm with a wonderfully executed quirk combination attack. Writing down his compliments for both of them, he started off the third match. Iida and Ojirou also passed, though they didn't manage to handcuff Power Loader. Instead, Ojirou managed to escape. It had been a risky move, but it clearly paid off.

The fourth match was an interesting one. Todoroki and Yaoyorozu were both bright students with strong quirks, but Eraserhead wasn't 1A's homeroom teacher for no reason; The man was smart, and his quirk gave him the upper hand most of the time since a lot of people on this server relied on their quirks too much, which was also the case for Todoroki and Yaoyorozu.

During the match there were multiple instances where Aizawa clearly had the students beat, but wasted time lecturing them instead of actually stopping them. The communication between Todoroki and Yaoyorozu wasn't spectacular, leading to a few missteps along the way, but in the end they pulled it off. Their final attack on Aizawa resulted in him getting cuffed, though by the looks of it, the teacher was letting them win because he was impressed by their plan; Wilbur had seen that man fight off a crowd of villains, there was no way two kids were enough to take him out no matter how heavy the weight on the man's arms were. Wilbur didn't buy it.

Uraraka surprised Wilbur during her match; She was up against Thirteen with Aoyama, and during the final few moments of the match, she managed to floor the pro hero with a fighting technique Wilbur hadn't seen her use before. She must've picked it up during her internship.

With minimal help from Aoyama, Uraraka snapped the handcuffs around Thirteen's wrist, and the pair passed their finals. The pair after them were less lucky; Kaminari and Mina were up against Nezu, and to say they lost was putting it lightly. The bear managed to wipe out half of the fake training city within the first minute of the match, basically making escaping impossible for the two students. Except, when Wilbur got a better look at the area, he realised there was actually an escape path still free. Neither of the students noticed, and they both failed the final as a result.

Kouda and Jirou also both passed, utilising Present Mic's hatred for bugs against him. Though, Jirou did get injured during the match. Recovery Girl left the observation room to go help her, and she didn't return for a while. Wilbur started the next match anyways, which was Snipe against Shoji and Hagakure. The pair worked together rather well, and as Shoji feigned surrender, Hagakure used her teammates' diversion to restrain their teacher. Wilbur was pleasantly surprised, and noted down as much.

Mineta and Sero against Midnight was an odd match to watch. Sero got hit by the pro's quirk pretty early on, and automatically failed the final as he didn't actively take part in it anymore from that point. Mineta, now left without a teammate, somehow managed to use his quirk to slow Midnight down enough to carry Sero to the exit. As much as Wilbur hated to admit it, the kid had fairly passed the final. Wilbur was just being petty, despising the boy's perverted nature with his entire being.

The final match was the only one that genuinely worried Wilbur. Bakugo and Midoriya were both skilled students, but when put together all logic seemed to go out of the window. As Wilbur had predicted, it barely took the pair one minute to break into an argument, the explosive teen yelling at the shorter teen for the most petty shit Wilbur had ever heard. Stealing moves? Come on! He really had thought Bakugo had gained some sense over the last two weeks, but clearly he had been wrong.

Things went from bad to worse real quick as All Might entered the picture. The pair managed to coordinate one attack together, which didn't end up doing much. After that, they were both taking hit after hit, at one point even getting slammed into each other by All Might. Wilbur winced at every hit, fingers hovering above the on button of the microphone. He couldn't watch this.

In a last ditch attempt to get Midoriya to the escape, Bakugou launches the boy using his explosions. All Might was quick to react, smacking the boy out of the air like he was nothing more than a fly. Even from the crappy angle Wilbur had of the fight, he could tell Midoriya's back was messed up from his landing. This was going too far. He was about to call off the match, when a hand snatched his own hand away from the button. Flinching, Wilbur looked up to meet Aizawa's eyes. A heavy frown was on the man's features.

"He knows what he's doing. Don't interfere." The man grumbled, making Wilbur scoff. "Knows what he's doing my ass! He's going to fucking kill these kids Eraserhead! Look at them! Midoriya can barely move and Bakugou is overusing his quirk! This will do lasting damage!" He motioned towards the screen, right as All Might slammed the explosive teen against the ground once more. "This is supposed to be an exam, not a life or death situation! I've seen battlefields less fucking brutal!"

Bakugou didn't get up after that slam, presumably finally having gotten knocked out. As Wilbur tried to pry his hands out of Aizawa's grasp, Midoriya somehow got back up to his feet. The teen dashed towards All Might, and delivered one final punch that sent the hero flying. Not wasting any time, Midoriya scooped the unconscious teen up and carried Bakugou to the escape. Aizawa announced that they had won instead of Wilbur, the man still too upset to even look at the screen.

In the end, both students were rushed to Recovery Girl's office, having extensive injuries that would definitely leave behind some lasting effects like Wilbur had feared. The other students were excused as the teachers gathered in one of the many meeting rooms of UA to discuss how the finals had gone. Wilbur had sort of zoned out from the moment Aizawa refused to let him stop the match to the second he sat down in one of the uncomfortable soft desk chairs scattered around the large table. He noted that All Might was missing from the meeting, though he couldn't say he was upset about that. Seeing the pro hero right now would probably not end well for either of them. Wilbur's self control lessened with every passing second.

"I think that went rather well, if I do say so myself!" Nezu cheerily announced, and Wilbur felt his stomach churn. Thickly swallowing, he tried to pull himself together. The wave of agreement that came from his fellow teachers made him feel sick. Had they not just seen the same match he had? His nails dug into the palms of his hands as he tried to keep quiet. Nezu started to go over all the matches one by one, briefly discussing each one before moving on. When he reached the final one, and had the guts to say it was probably one of the best matches, Wilbur snapped.

"Sorry, did we watch the same match? Because the match I watched was certainly not fucking wonderful. No, I watched a grown man smack around two kids he knew weren't good at working together and instead of going easy on them, like he was instructed to do, he egged them on, and now we have two injured kids! I told you pairing them up was a bad idea and you said 'Oh they'll be fine, they'll have to work together so there's no way they'll get too hurt!'", and I believed you! Now look at what you've done! How can you say you're proud of this?!" Wilbur rose from his seat, slamming his hands against the desk. He was more than just upset. He was furious, he was devastated, and more than anything he was worried for Midoriya and Bakugou. "You traumatised two students!"

Wilbur was too emotional to care about the looks of concern and pity he was receiving, eyes fixated on the beat sitting at the head of the table. "I thought you guys were supposed to be the heroes. Well, newsflash; Heroes don't do shit like this! And I would know! This is the shit I would have done against Tommy back then and you knew that already Nezu! You knew and still went through with it!" Wilbur's voice was growing hoarse the more he yelled, cracking as he mentioned Tommy's name. Pushing his chair back, Wilbur made his way to the exit. "I need some air."

As he stumbled through the empty halls of UA, he couldn't get the image of the Pit out of his head. Something about that last fight had just hit a little bit too close to home, memories of watching Tommy and Techno face off in the pit as Wilbur cackled from the sidelines. He had been too far gone at that point, unable to think clearly no matter how hard he tried. Hand

brushing over his healed wound, Wilbur tried to stay present. He couldn't get lost in his own head, not right now.

Instead of going outside, his feet took him to Recovery Girl's office. He wanted to check up on the kids before going home, just to give him a peace of mind. Gently knocking on the door, he slid it open only after he had gotten permission to do so. He shot the woman a tired smile as he closed the door behind him. "How are they?" He kept his voice low, not wanting to wake up the two sleeping students.

"They were pretty roughed up, but I managed to heal up most of their injuries. It will take another few sessions for them to be all better, but with how exhausted they were before I even got to use my quirk I couldn't do much without fully destroying their stamina." Recovery Girl explained, a sigh escaping her lips as he looked at the boys. Wilbur nodded a bit, even if he honestly didn't understand much of that explanation. "I'm just glad they'll be okay." He murmured, the woman humming in agreement.

"If you want, I can take a look at you right now. I have some time left before I am leaving." Recovery Girl offered. Wilbur looked down at his hands for a moment, considering if he was mentally in the right state to deal with that right now. "Sure, if you wouldn't mind." And with that, Wilbur told Recovery Girl how he had ended up here. He left out a lot more details than he had with Nezu, only telling her the basics of his old life. They didn't matter to his physical health at the moment anyways. He explained how his skin had turned blue in certain areas a while after he arrived, and how he was going grey. Recovery Girl ran a few tests, but it would take a while for the results to come in. Until then, she asked him to keep track of any other changes. Wilbur promised to do so, and left soon after.

He spent that night on his roof. If anybody heard his sobs and screams that night, nobody dared to mention them. Friend was the only reason he managed to calm down hours afterwards, the cat clawing at his hand until he petted her. His throat felt dry, but he couldn't be bothered to get a glass of water. Instead, he pulled Friend closer to his chest, and let sleep take hold of his mind. Maybe some dreamless sleep would make him forget about everything that had happened today.

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Wilbur goes to the mall

Chapter Notes

Lovejoy fans and Wilbur fans how are we feeling lmao
Thank you for all the support <3 I really appreciate it and love reading y'all's comments

anyways stream Are You Alright by Lovejoy

Wilbur didn't show up at UA the next day, knowing it wouldn't be good for anybody if he went. He couldn't have another episode in front of the entire staff, especially not when he had already let too much slip. It was only a matter of time before people would start to ask questions, and Wilbur wasn't ready to answer them. It didn't help that Nezu had been blowing up his phone ever since he stormed out. He wanted to have a meeting, but Wilbur wasn't in the mood. He left the bear on read, just to be petty. There were a few other unread messages, one from Aizawa which Wilbur didn't even bother to open. The man could choke for all Wilbur cared.

Okay, maybe that was a bit harsh, but he was upset. Turning off his communicator, he shoved it into his inventory before getting up. His back ached from sleeping on the uneven concrete of the roof, but it was nothing Wilbur hadn't felt before. Friend let out an annoyed yowl, yawning as she trodded after him. "Oh stop being dramatic, you can sleep downstairs. It's cold as hell up here." Wilbur laughed, reaching down to run his hand through her fur. Friend didn't seem to agree with his words, but it was hard to tell considering she was a cat.

Wilbur hummed to himself as he slid on his old coat, deciding he wanted to go out today. He needed to get a few things from the store anyways, and there was a mall nearby he had been meaning to check out for a while now. Giving Friend a quick peck on top of her head, Wilbur set out to have a good day on his own.

The mall was bigger than Wilbur had expected, and there was a lot more to do than he had anticipated. He spent a while just wandering through the large halls of the building, admiring the many plants and fountains spread throughout the area. It reminded him a bit of the tournament server he used to occasionally visit, MCC; That server had been just as grand, every waiting area decorated in a manner that could only be described as extra. Wilbur didn't know much about architecture, but he could appreciate the work that must've gone into building the mall.

One shop in particular caught Wilbur's attention; A music shop that had a wide variety of instruments displayed behind their windows. Wilbur had always been a fan of music, though he hadn't gotten to do much with it ever since he started L'manberg. Sure, he wrote the anthem, but it didn't get much further than that. He missed playing soft tunes under the stars for his family by the fire, singing about whatever came to mind as Tommy tried to sing along, Phil softly laughing in the background as Techno tried to nap. His favourite guitar had gotten destroyed during the first time L'manberg got blown up, and he had never bothered to get a new one. There was never time to get a new one, the war taking up most of his time at that point anyways.

Stepping into the store, he shot the woman behind the counter a polite smile before heading off to the guitar section. They had a lot of different kinds of guitars, from acoustic to electric. Wilbur hummed to himself as he considered which one spoke to him the most. He ended up going with a pretty plain looking acoustic one, and got a few necessary accessories. With his newly acquired guitar strapped to his back, Wilbur left the shop to go search for a grocery store.

He ended up taking a bit of a detour, buying a snack from one of the many fast food places scattered around the mall. Taking a seat on the edge of a fountain, he bit into his snack. Somebody sat down next to him, but he didn't pay them much mind. That turned out to be a mistake, when a familiar scratchy voice came from beside him. Lowering his food, Wilbur's brown eyes met with manic red ones. Swallowing his bite, he forced down the wave of panic briefly washing through his system.

"Fancy meeting you here... Phatheon was it? I saw your little... encounter, with Stain. While I'm glad somebody finally stood up to that pathetic man, you can imagine my surprise when I saw you were the one to do it. And here I thought your little stunt at the USJ would be a one time thing!" Shigaraki cackled to himself, though Wilbur didn't find it particularly funny. "The problem is that a lot of people now believe you're the next new All Might, and I just don't think that's true. All Might is a despicable man who I will kill, mark my words, but you... I haven't made up my mind yet. You see, when I heard your hero name, I wondered

what it meant so I did some research.” He smirked, making Wilbur’s skin crawl. For some reason, the villain knowing the meaning of his hero name felt like an invasion of his privacy, even if it was public knowledge.

“It truly is a tragic tale, Phatheon’s... Makes one wonder why you would choose it for yourself.” Shigaraki drew out. Hearing the scratchy man’s voice say his name felt so incredibly wrong, yet Wilbur couldn’t do much about it. “Who’s side are you on, Phatheon? Not the villains, that much is obvious from the USJ. But, the way you spoke to Stain makes me think you aren’t a big fan of the heroes either. Yet, there are some who respect you in the scene. I’ve heard stories of how you let villains in your house, give them a place to stay. The heroes like you too, otherwise you wouldn’t be working at UA right now. So, I can’t help but wonder, when it comes down to it, who will you help?” Shigaraki sounded proud of himself, like he genuinely thought he was getting into Wilbur’s head. The man scoffed, meeting Shigaraki’s cocky smirk with a bored expression.

“I help those who are mistreated. I don’t care about all this heroes and villains bullshit, I care about people. Those the system failed, those actively being hurt by all the crap people like you are causing. Things aren’t black and white. Once you stop seeing people as a label and as actual people, you’ll see what I mean.” Wilbur explained. He felt like a broken record at this point, having had to repeat that same phrase so often on this server it was almost worrying. “People like Stain and you have the right idea, the pro hero system is very flawed and creates immoral heroes in it for the wrong reasons, but the solution to this problem isn’t to just kill them. You have to change the system that allows heroes like that to exist. It’s not All Might’s fault people like him.”

“Don’t you dare compare me to that bastard! Stain is nothing compared to me! His plans were stupid and so was his idiotic moral code.” Shigaraki snapped at Wilbur, making the male laugh. “Don’t you technically have the same code? You’re not killing me because you think I’m interesting, but I’m a pro hero too. Shouldn’t you have killed me by now? I’m to you what All Might was to Stain.” Wilbur smirked. Maybe it wasn’t smart to rile up an actual villain, but with the kind of week Wilbur had had, he just wanted to have some fun.

“I will kill you one day, just not today. Stay out of my way Phatheon, or you’ll die just like All Might will.” Shigaraki huffed as he got up. Wilbur chuckled as he nodded a bit. “If you say so, hand boy. I’m really shaking in my boots right now.” It was hard to take the guy seriously when he was dressed like a teenager who lived in his mother’s basement and was probably called something like Kyle. The chapped lips didn’t help. He watched Shigaraki walk off, not that worried about the villain doing anything; As stupid as the teen was, he had a clear goal in mind that he probably wouldn’t achieve by attacking a random mall on a school day.

Wilbur ended up tossing out the rest of his snack, having gone cold by the time Shigaraki had left. He continued to wander around the mall, going from shop to shop until he came across a pet store. Friend could use some extra food, and maybe a new toy, so Wilbur headed inside. He ended up getting her a new collar too, a bright blue one with a custom tag dangling from it that had her name and address engraved in it. The cat would probably hate it, but it made Wilbur feel a little less worried about letting her run around outside.

On his way out, he stumbled into a familiar face. “Midoriya? What are you doing here? Aren’t you supposed to be in class?” Wilbur asked the greenette, curiously cocking his head to the side. Midoriya blinked, looking up at Wilbur with a startled smile. “Oh, hi mister Soot! Uh, mister Aizawa let us go early to prepare for training camp! I think almost the entirety of 1A is here to get stuff for the camp.” He explained. Wilbur vaguely remembered hearing something about a camp, but didn’t remember the details.

“Huh, I see. How are you feeling, kid? You got pretty banged up yesterday.” Wilbur asked, genuinely amazed the boy was already up and about considering how bad his injuries were. “Recovery Girl said I’m all clear, but I need to take it easy for the rest of the week. Got some new scars, but nothing too serious, no worries!” He awkwardly chuckled, shoving Wilbur one of the new scars stretching across his arms. The scar looked like it had healed pretty well all things considered. It didn’t look too gnarly, which was a relief. Wilbur had seen a lot of messed up scars, and they were never a pretty sight, so he was glad this one wasn’t too bad. “I’m glad you’re okay, kid. You had me worried. I was trying to call off the match, but Aizawa wouldn’t let me.” He softly sighed, rubbing his cheek a bit. That seemed to confuse Midoriya.

“You tried to call off the match?” He questioned, Wilbur nodding in response. “Yeah, your match got out of hand. All Might went way too harsh on you too. Neither of you should have gotten that injured, that wasn’t supposed to be allowed. The goal of the finals was to test your skills against an opponent who has the advantage against you. It wasn’t to injure two students so badly that one of them fell unconscious and the other got lasting scars. I’m sorry that I couldn’t stop it.” Wilbur explained, guilt gnawing at his stomach. He should have made more of a fuss when the groups were being made, shouldn’t have given in so easily. He could have prevented all of this, if he had just stuck to his gut.

“I... It’s okay, really. You didn’t mean to let things get out of hand, and that’s all that matters. It sucks that it happened, but I can’t let it get to me. Sometimes things go wrong and you just have to roll with the punches. I’m still going to be a hero, no matter what UA throws at me!” Wilbur had never heard Midoriya sound so determined before. The conviction in his voice made Wilbur smile, leaning over to ruffle the boy’s hair. “Atta boy, that’s the right mindset.

Just know that I won't let them pull that shit on you again. I promise." Wilbur truly meant it; He was going to try a lot harder to look out for the students. UA was supposed to raise heroes, not child soldiers. As a man who knew a thing or two about creating child soldiers, Wilbur wasn't going to let UA get away with it.

"Will you be going to the training camp too, mister Soot?" Midoriya asked. Wilbur hummed to himself as he shrugged. "I sort of stormed out of the last meeting after the finals, so I haven't talked about it with Nezu yet. Probably I will though. I'm supposed to be Aizawa's assistant afterall, so if he goes, I go." Wilbur chuckled, making a mental note to himself to check the texts Aizawa had sent him since they were probably related to the camp. "It'll be fun, I think." Midoriya said, and Wilbur didn't doubt that. Anything was more fun than regular schoolwork he supposed.

The two ended up parting ways, Midoriya heading off to go find his friends while Wilbur headed home. It turned out to be quite the task to get the new collar on Friend, but once it was finally on, the cat looked rather content with it. "Look how dapper you look in that Friend, you're a style icon." Wilbur chuckled as he pet the cat. Together they headed up to the roof, where Wilbur spent the rest of the day strumming away on his new guitar, playing old songs of fallen kingdoms and lost nations. His communicator buzzed in his inventory, but he didn't bother to check it, assuming it was just Nezu or Aizawa continuing their spamming.

-X-X-X-

Karl was running out of time. He had to find a way to warn Wilbur of Dream before the masked man would return. Lying to Dream once was one thing, but Karl doubted he could pull it off a second time. The man would never believe it if Karl claimed he still hadn't found a trace of the ex-president, and he wouldn't appreciate the time traveller lying either. Karl was rather content with his two lives left, and didn't really want to lose one to lying to the serveradmin, so he had to come up with a plan, and he had to do it quickly.

In a last ditch attempt to reach Wilbur, he ended up shooting him a message with his communicator. Usually, the thing didn't work in other universes or timelines, messages always getting stuck on undelivered. The likelihood of it working was slim to none, but Karl was desperate. On this server, Wilbur was a lot harder to find than he had ever been on the Dream SMP; With the bright colours of the L'manberg uniforms and Wilbur's theatrical nature, he was pretty easy to spot. Now though, he was like Dream, only the occasional flash of him being seen. It was annoying to Karl, but at the same time it was probably the only thing keeping Wilbur safe from Dream.

Staring at his screen, he slowly started to type out a message. He ended up spending a while trying to get the wording right, deleting and retyping his message at least ten times before being happy with it. Fingers hovering above the send button, he shot up a quick prayer to whoever would listen that the message would arrive. Watching the little circle spin for a moment, his eyes widened.

This is Karl Jacobs, from the Dream SMP. Dream knows you're here, and is looking for you. Do not trust him, whatever he says. He told me he's here to kill you, but I don't think that's his end goal. Message me if you ever need help. Stay safe.

Arrived at 18:09

Tenret

Chapter Summary

Wilbur goes to camp with 1A

Chapter Notes

Back on my double update bullshit :D

(Also if you saw me upload the wrong chapter, no you didn't <3)

Thank you all so much for 600 kudos!! I appreciate it a lot :)!!

Everybody better strap in, the ride is about to get bumpy ;)

Wilbur never did end up reading Aizawa's texts, instead settling for heading to UA the next morning. He didn't feel like he could do his feelings justice in message form, so he left his communicator untouched for the time being. Decker out in his hero costume, Wilbur made his way towards the teachers' lounge. He let out a cheerful greeting as he entered the room, snickering to himself as he received a few confused glances. Heading towards the coffee pot, he didn't bother to explain his absence. It was pretty obvious why he hadn't shown up yesterday, and if he had to actually explain his reasoning these pros were not as good as Wilbur thought they were.

Eraserhead walked in a few moments later, one of his eyebrows rising at the sight of Wilbur leaning against the wall. Grabbing his own mug, he softly cleared his throat before meeting Wilbur's eyes. "Are you okay?" He softly asked, sounding the most concerned Wilbur had ever heard from him. He hummed, considering his answer for just a moment. "I'm still mad if that's what you're asking, but it won't interfere with my work. The finals brought up some memories I would have rather forgotten, but I do not regret saying what I did. I still believe you went too far, but I get the funny feeling you don't agree with me."

"I... It's more complicated than that. Yes, All Might went a bit overboard, but it was necessary." Aizawa sighed, making Wilbur let out a wry laugh. "A necessary evil, right? That's what they always say. 'I'm doing this for you, you'll understand when you're older!'... It's a bit weak, innit?" Wilbur murmured, taking another sip from his cup. "I get that you want to make good heroes out of them, but they're still kids. They have two more years to grow up. There's no need to rush them through the process, it'll only cause them trouble in the future."

“You seem to know a lot about this topic, Soot.” Aizawa pointed out. Wilbur could practically feel the man’s sharp gaze boring holes into his skulls, trying to get an answer by just observing him. He wouldn’t be able to find much; Wilbur was better than that. He didn’t let his posture give his feelings and thoughts away that freely. “That’s a piss poor attempt at getting me to open up, mister Aizawa. How and why I know what I know does not concern you at the moment. Once it does, I’ll make sure to give you a ring.” Wilbur laughed, giving the other man a pat on the back before heading towards the door. Class was almost starting anyways.

-X-X-X-

The bus was crowded as hell, almost making Wilbur feel claustrophobic as he sat squished up in one of the front seats. He barely had any leg space, his knees aching from the odd angle they were positioned. Luckily, he did have a full seat to himself, Aizawa sitting in the row next to him. The other teacher didn’t look all too bothered by all the noise and ruckus in the bus, peacefully napping in a bright yellow sleeping bag Wilbur swore he had seen in the teachers’ lounge before. The noise mostly came from the twenty students also present in the bus, who all seemed to be unfamiliar with the word ‘calm’; Wilbur had to step in multiple times to stop students from doing dumb shit like sticking their arms out of the windows or trying to fight in the bus. At this rate he was going to be fully gray by the time they reached the camp.

Aizawa woke up about half an hour before they arrived at their destination, taking over the babysitting role from Wilbur, who managed to squeeze in a quick nap. As the bus came to a stop, Wilbur startled awake. Rubbing his eyes a bit, he slowly got out after Aizawa. A yawn escaped his lips as he looked around, realising they were most definitely not at the camp yet. They were on the edge of a hill, looking down upon a dense forest that stretched as far as Wilbur could see. A puzzled expression rested on his features as he looked at Aizawa. The mischievous smirk the man sent him made a shiver run down his spine. Oh no, the man was clearly planning something, and by the looks of it, it wouldn’t be fun for the kids.

A group of four other pros ended up joining them, the group going by the name of the Wild, Wild Pussycats. Wilbur hadn’t heard of them before, but by the looks of it, they were pretty good at what they did. As the kids were sent off into the woods with a little bit of help from one of the members’ quirks, Wilbur took a moment to get himself familiar with the new people. The group consisted of three women and one man, all wearing similar costumes in different colours. The costume was made up of a sleeveless top, a skirt, cat paw like gloves and ear headbands that looked like they had some tech inside of them. Some of them had markings on their face that appeared to be drawn on, but Wilbur couldn’t be sure of that.

He chatted with them for a while, getting to know them a bit before they all headed down to the actual camp. Once at the camp, he was also introduced to a young kid called Kota who proceeded to give him the stink eye for most of the day. Wilbur wasn’t sure what he had done for the kid to hate him, but didn’t take it all too personal; Honestly, it was more endearing than upsetting. Kota reminded him of how Tommy acted whenever he got upset, silently glaring and muttering curses under his breath when he thought nobody would hear him. Wilbur grinned as he shot a salute to the kid, laughing when Kota stormed off while grumbling to himself.

It took a while for all the students to get to the camp, most being dead tired by the time they arrived. While Wilbur did feel slightly bad for them, he couldn't help but chuckle as he heard Kaminari whine about how bad his legs hurt. If they thought this was bad, they would never survive an MCC tournament; A trek through the forest like this was a walk in the park compared to the Ace Race parkours MCC used. Wilbur always hated that event, no matter how many times he played it he just never saw the appeal.

They all ate dinner together in the mess hall, where Wilbur ended up sitting next to one of the pussycats who introduced herself as Mandalay. She also turned out to be Kota's caregiver, as his parents had passed away a little way ago during a villain attack. The kid's aversion to heroes made a bit more sense now. He continued to idly chat with her for a while, calmly eating his dinner as he did so. She mentioned having seen the video of Wilbur confronting Stain, making him awkwardly rub the back of his neck.

"Oh, you did? Yeah, uh, I didn't really think it was that big of a deal, but everybody keeps bringing it up." Wilbur admitted with a shrug. "I just did my job. Not sure why everybody keeps raving about it like I did something world changing." He murmured, shoving another spoonful of rice into his mouth. "You talked down a villain who in the past was only known for murdering anyone he came across. I think that's quite the feat, no need to be so humble about it." She chuckled, mistaking his genuine confusion about why he was being praised for humbleness. He didn't correct her, instead just chuckling along.

He spent a while chatting with Tiger as well, who reminded him a lot of Fundy. Tiger shared some of his experiences with being an openly transgender hero, after which Wilbur mentioned his son was trans. He told Tiger all about Fundy, about how proud he was of his little furry son. He even mentioned Erret in passing, how they would have loved Tiger's skirt, and for the first time since the Final Control room incident he didn't feel sick after mentioning their name. He took that as progress, even if his heart still felt heavy with homesickness as he reminisced about his son. Tiger was nice, and told some of his own tales that Wilbur happily listened to

Right before Wilbur was about to head to bed, he decided to check his communicator real quick. Now that he had talked it out with Aizawa, he could open the messages and not respond to them without feeling bad. Clicking through his messages with both Nezu and Aizawa, his eyes landed on a message from an unknown number. Opening up the chat, he frowned as he read through the message. Karl? That guy who kept switching sides during the final war? Why was he here? Better yet, why was Dream here?

Taking a deep breath, he fought off the waves of panic threatening to swallow him. He was fine for now; There was no way Dream would find him out here. The whole camping trip was kept under close wraps to make it as safe as possible for everybody involved. After the USJ attack, the last thing anybody wanted was another villain attack. Dream had no way to access UA's files, so there was no reason to worry about the masked man finding him out here. Once he got back home, he'd have to start worrying.

With shaking hands he turned off his communicator, vowing to send Karl a response tomorrow once he was a bit calmer. Shoving the tablet into his inventory, he curled up on his bed. He missed Friend, wanting nothing more than to cuddle up with the kitten and pretend

like nothing happened. Friend was staying with Haru for the week since Wilbur couldn't sneak her along to the camp. Sleeping without the purring kitten laying next to him felt weird, but somehow he did manage to get some sleep that night.

-X-X-X-

Breakfast was a bit hectic with this many people present, but it was pretty uneventful all things considered. Wilbur only had to step in once to stop Bakugo from using his quirk on Kaminari, which was a record on its own. Had Wilbur and Tommy not had a similar friendship back in the day, Wilbur would have wondered why Kaminari and Bakugo were friends in the first place. That whole friend group was a bit odd, though Wilbur didn't want to judge them.

Tiger showed them to the training area once everybody was done eating. The area was pretty big, and had various exercises set up that were meant for a certain quirk type. The man wasted no time to set the students to work, showing each of them to the exercise built for their quirk. Apparently 1B was also at the camp, though they were training in a separate area. There was some tension between 1A and 1B for some reason, but Wilbur didn't think it was all too serious. Just some teenage rivalries, nothing as serious as for example Technoblades' and Dream's.

Wilbur spent most of the day watching over the students, helping out wherever needed. The pussycats handled most of the actual training as well as encouraging the students. It was pretty funny to watch Tiger yell encouragements down at the exhausted students as the sun slowly started to sink down. They called it quits right around dinner time, the group heading back to the camp. The students banded together to make dinner, which turned out quite tasty. Afterwards, the students who had failed the finals were forced to take remedial classes while the rest of the kids were free to spend their night however they wanted. Apparently something happened in the baths that evening, but Wilbur was already passed out by that time. Mandalay handled it, so he wasn't all too worried about it.

The next day was basically a repeat of the previous one, the only difference being that after dinner, Pixie-Bob announced that they would be doing a 'Test of Courage!' with all the students who didn't have remedial classes. From what Wilbur gathered, one class would hide out in the forest trying to scare the other class. 1B started off in the woods while 1A would be the first ones to explore. Everybody was split off into duos, though Midoriya was left alone due to 1A having an uneven amount of students since five students had remedial classes. Instead of leaving the kid to explore the forest alone, Wilbur offered to join up with Midoriya. The Pussycats allowed it, and that's how Wilbur ended up in a pitch black forest with a nervously rambling Midoriya by his side.

Smoke and Masks

Chapter Summary

Things go awry in the woods

Chapter Notes

It's ya boi yeet back at it again

Thank you for your continuous support, I really appreciate it <3

A shorter chapter today because head hurting lol idk if I'll manage to finish another chapter today sorry

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Something was definitely wrong; The scent of fire was thick in the air, a familiar feeling of dread filling Wilbur's stomach as he slowed down his pace. Flashes of the woods surrounding L'manberg getting set aflame by Sapnap made his chest tighten in panic, trying desperately to stay present in the moment. Midoriya seemed to notice, a conflicted expression acrossing the boy's features as the pair came to a full stop. "This isn't right. It smells of smoke. What if the forest caught fire? We should head back." The teen reasoned, Wilbur only half listening to the boy's words. "Yeah- yeah let's go." He nodded a bit, mostly to himself.

They didn't get very far, before Midoriya stopped again. "Kota is still out there, he stormed off earlier! I have to go find him! He could get hurt." By the looks of it, nothing Wilbur could say would make the boy back down. So, Wilbur gave in. "Fine, we'll go look for him. If I tell you to leave however, you leave. I'm not letting you get hurt again, understood?" The greenette nodded, and the pair changed course towards the mountains. Midoriya claimed he knew where the boy had run off to, taking the lead while Wilbur tried to get a grip on himself.

Wilbur grabbed onto Midoriya's arm to get him to stop, motioning towards the top of the mountain. A muscular man was slowly creeping towards a scared looking Kota. From down where they were standing they couldn't quite make out what the man was saying, but Wilbur assumed it was something along the lines of 'I'm a villain, now prepare to die ahahah'. As he was about to reach the child, Midoriya managed to jump in. Wilbur blinked, unsure how Midoriya had gotten up there so fast but ultimately deciding that it wasn't worth wasting time wondering about it for too long.

Flicking open his inventory, he gathered some materials he could use to tower up. He cast a quick look around the area, just to make sure there weren't any other villains they had missed. Dark clouds of smoke hung above the trees in the distance, an odd blue glow coming from the trees. Soul flames? Wilbur had seen the blue flames before, Phil used to like them, but he hadn't seen them on this server before. As he towered up to where Kota and Midoriya were, he got a better look of the area. Fire, smoke and odd purple clouds covered the forest. He sincerely hoped there were no students still in the woods.

Turning back to the situation at hand, Wilbur aimed his crossbow at the villain. He hit the man with a weakness arrow, grinning as Midoriya used the brief pause in the villain's movements to land another punch. Midoriya talked a lot while fighting, and so did the man they were up against. Wilbur mostly tuned them out, his mind too at war with itself to listen to their petty banter. The villain went down pretty easily; Apparently Wilbur's arrows had somehow nullified his quirk. He didn't know how that worked, and didn't particularly care either.

"We have to go back to camp, and quickly." Wilbur murmured, looking between Midoriya and Kota. The teen's arms were busted, and Kota was trying to hide the fact that he had been crying. "If we stay on that path down there, I think we'll mostly avoid the fire." He thought out loud as he looked at the terrain below them. He crouched down with his back turned to Kota. "Hop on, it'll be faster this way." The kid listened with minimal complaining, which Wilbur was grateful for. They didn't have time to mess around.

The longer they spent walking through the smoke filled forest, the worse Wilbur's stomach felt. While he knew it was logical to feel on edge after an encounter like the one they just had, he still couldn't shake the feeling that this had only been an appetizer, and the main course was yet to come. Now Wilbur was known for being a paranoid man, but for once his paranoia wasn't without a reason, because as they approached a small clearing in the woods, he spotted a familiar mask in the distance. He carefully let Kota off of his back, turning to look at Midoriya.

"I need you to listen to me, take Kota to the camp. Follow the path here to the right. I'll be right behind you, I just have some... unfinished business here. Don't wait for me." Wilbur ordered, tone a level of seriousness it had rarely reached before. He watched the pair run off, taking a deep breath before looking back at the clearing. Making sure both his bow and axe were in his hotbar, he slowly strolled over to the masked man, faking an air of nonchalance like his life depended on it.

"Fancy meeting you here, Dream." He drew out, crossing his arms across his chest. The man across from him chuckled, cocking his head to the side as he peered at the taller man. "You knew I was coming." Dream phrased it like a question, but his tone suggested he already knew it was a fact. "I had a hunch. Came to finish the job?" Wilbur knew how Dream worked, knew exactly what steps he wanted Wilbur to do in their little dance. Playing along was the safest bet until he figured out what Dream was planning. "Can't I stop by an old pal of mine without having some bigger motive?" While Wilbur couldn't see his face, he could practically hear the smirk in Dream's voice.

“Don’t play me for dumb, Dream. If you wanted to visit me, you could have just stopped by. Why are you here?” Wilbur asked again, carefully taking in his surroundings. He was pretty sure they weren’t alone, but with the amount of background noises and smells in the area due to the fire it was hard to tell. “Straight to business huh, I see how it is. I came here to bring you home. You don’t belong here Wilbur. This is not your homeserver. The Dream SMP is. Don’t you want to go home?” Dream’s sing-songy tone made Wilbur’s skin crawl.

“I don’t know if you got the memo, but I’m dead on the Dream SMP Dream. I got three strikes and now I’m out. Besides, the thing I stayed on that server for doesn’t exist anymore.” Wilbur bitterly remarked, a frown forming on his features. “Yeah, I heard about that. When I gave you the TNT I initially didn’t think you’d actually have the guts to set it off. You sure proved me wrong. When I let Philza onto the server, I didn’t think much of it. How wrong I was... You weren’t supposed to die Wilbur. I had plans for you. Grand plans! And you screwed it all up when you let Phil kill you! So, I’m here to get you back. You don’t belong here, you belong in the Dream SMP.” Dream took a few steps towards Wilbur, invading his personal space.

“What if I don’t want to go back?” Wilbur questioned, glaring down at Dream’s mask. “What if I’m tired of the constant fighting? What if I’m sick of being used by people like you?” He wasn’t about to let Dream intimidate him, leaning forwards to show he wasn’t scared by the man. “Well, that’s fine I guess, but I’d think carefully about if you truly want to stay here forever. Afterall, don’t you miss your family? Phil, Tommy, Techno, Fundy... They’ll be on my server while you run around here, pretending to be a hero. I can’t promise they’ll be safe.” That was a threat and they both knew it.

“Leave them out of this, this has nothing to do with them. Threatening family members is a new low for you Dream, are you that desperate to get me back?” Wilbur snapped, done with playing around. “They are better off without me, and you know that just as well as I do. Your issue is with me, not them.” The idea of Dream hurting anyone of his family just because Wilbur wasn’t ready to leave yet made his stomach churn. Dream let out a soft hiss, before chuckling to himself. “I don’t think you’re in the position to make demands, Wilbur. You either come willingly, or I will drag your ass through the portal myself.”

Chapter End Notes

some of you read the clues right and guessed who would be showing up, but the question is of course, why is he truly here? ;>

Fucking Inconvenient

Chapter Summary

Wilbur's encounter with Dream spirals a bit

Chapter Notes

HAHAHA SIKE double update streak lets gooo

I love reading everybody's theories, esp when they are wildly different from what i have planned it's fun seeing what people are expecting to happen :>

Again thank you for all the support <3!!

Wilbur knew there was no way he was winning against Dream on his own. The masked man was known for being one of the best PVP'ers out there, Wilbur never even stood a chance against him. There was one thing that gave Wilbur the upper hand however, and that was the few pieces of TNT still in his inventory. If he could set it off, he could use the explosion to distract Dream and get the hell away from the man. It was his only shot at making it out of here alive. The problem was of course, that TNT was rather difficult to place and set off without himself also taking significant damage. He had to time it just right.

Dream's slashes were quick and backed with such a brutal force that every time his blade met Wilbur's, he worried the axe might just break no matter how high the durability might be. Wilbur took about four hearts worth of damage from Dream's attacks, though he slowly realised that Dream wasn't giving it his all. He kept giving Wilbur time to move out of the way, kept favouring one side to make it easier for Wilbur to block... He was toying with him, drawing out the fight just because he felt like it. He could end it at any moment he desired, but drew it out for reasons Wilbur couldn't understand.

The mask man stumbled for just a second, a root catching his foot causing him to pause. Wilbur instantly put his plan into action, placing and lighting three pieces of TNT before breaking into a sprint. He heard the explosion go off, but was too busy running away to see if Dream had actually gotten caught in the blast. His safest bet was to assume the masked man had gotten away, which meant he had to keep moving. Just maybe he could shake the man from his tail.

-X-X-X-

Dream huffed, lowering his shield as he watched Wilbur dash away from the craters he had just caused. Tutting to himself a bit, he straightened out his mask. He let out a whistle, the familiar sound of ender particles soon filling the air. "Follow him, but don't interfere. There's too many unknown players here to act right now." He murmured, smiling under his mask as a soft 'vromp!' came from behind him.

"I knew I could count on you, now go before you lose him." Dream ordered as he sorted out his inventory. Wilbur had gotten better, Dream would give him that. He was still nowhere close to Technoblade of course, but he was still pretty good. Of course Dream hadn't gone all out against the man, he didn't intend to kill him just yet. No, the time wasn't right. He wasn't going to let another death ruin his plans. He had worked too hard, had lost too much already, to let Wilbur Soot ruin his life's work again.

-X-X-X-

Wilbur didn't know where he was, lost as hell as he ran through the blazing woods. He neared an area that seemed to be still untouched from the fire, the air a bit less rough to breathe. Doubling over, he tried to catch his breath, hands resting on his knees. In the distance, he could hear familiar voices. Forcing his exhausted body to move, he slowly made his way towards the voices. He felt a wave of relief flood his system when he spotted some of the 1A students, most looking unharmed.

"Mister Soot!" Uraraka called out, sounding just as relieved as Wilbur felt. "Kids, fuck am I glad to see you. Is everybody alright?" He asked as he reached the group, briefly scanning all of them for any injuries. Midoriya looked pretty banged up, and was also not supposed to be here. "Midoriya, didn't I tell you to go to the camp? Where's Kota?" He asked with a frown. The kid at least had the decency to look guilty. "I took Kota to the camp, and then I left again. I couldn't just let them take Kacchan!" He defended, making Wilbur blink. "What?"

"Mandalay used her quirk to tell us the villains are after Bakugou." Asui explained, which only made Wilbur more confused. "Why would they be after Bakugou?" Wilbur murmured to himself, though he didn't get an answer from anybody. "Where is he anyways?" He added, looking around in confusion. "What are you talking about, he's right..." Midoriya looked behind him, expression falling once he realised Bakugou was very much not behind him.

"Took you long enough to notice, I took him a while ago." A new voice called out, coming from a man standing on top of a thick branch of one of the trees. He wore a mask that reminded Wilbur of Dream's, though this one had a more intricate design. The man's costume was rather interesting, though Wilbur didn't get long to admire it. "With a quirk like his, he is more fit for the villain side. We'll give him the role on the stage he deserves." The man drew out, holding up a small blue ball. It must have something to do with his quirk.

"Taking Tokoyami was improv on my side, but I think he'll play wonderfully all the same." He produced a second ball from seemingly nowhere, sounding almost playful as he taunted the group of teenagers. He was about to say something else, when his gaze landed on Wilbur. Sliding the balls back into his sleeve, a chuckle fell from his lips. "If it isn't Phattheon! I have heard quite a lot about you. Our newest recruit wouldn't shut up about you, even asking us to capture you alive if possible. I wonder why... I suppose this is showtime then." The man

dropped down, but Todoroki was faster than him, launching a massive wall of ice at the man before he could even touch the floor.

Wilbur blinked, giving Todoroki a shaky ‘thank you’. Dream was working with the League of Villains? That didn’t make much sense, the two had such differing goals that working alongside each other sounded almost as wild as Dream and Technoblade working together. He zoned out for a solid minute, vaguely hearing the students debate amongst themselves what their next move would be. As the group started moving, his body followed them mostly on autopilot as he tried to figure out what the hell was going on here.

They came face to face with the League in a nearby clearing, a lot of new villains having joined since the last time Wilbur saw them. Shigaraki launched into his usual speech about how heroes were shit and villains were The shit. Wilbur was really starting to get tired of hearing the same thing over and over again from the dry looking teenager. Staying in the background for a moment, he kind of tuned out all the yelling as his eyes landed on a certain masked motherfucker standing at the back of the villain crowd. The second Wilbur spotted him, Dream pushed forwards, storming right past Shigaraki, who demanded to know why the new recruit had dared to interrupt his speech.

Dream waved off the man’s complaining, heading straight through the crowd to stop in front of Wilbur. “Wilbur, this is your last chance. You either come with me willingly, or... Well, I don’t think you’d want me to tell everybody here what you did back then, now do you?” Dream challenged, cocking his head to the side. The taller man grit his teeth, straightening up a bit. “I told you already, I’m not going anywhere, Dream. And you’re not telling anybody shit either, if you know what’s good for you.” Wilbur pulled his axe from his inventory, ready to strike.

What Wilbur hadn’t considered, was that it had been nothing but a distraction. He heard the ruffling of wind blowing against fabric, and immediately knew he had made a mistake. Turning around just in time to see the intricate mask of the villain who had taken Bakugou and Tokoyami earlier, Wilbur could do nothing to stop the man from using his quirk. The world turned dark as he lost consciousness.

-X-X-X-

Dream let out a wheeze in victory, laughing until his lungs felt like they were going to collapse. “Let’s go! Fucking finally!” He exclaimed, reaching out to Mister Compress to take the now balled up Wilbur from him. “Give him to me. I’ll... take care of him.” He practically ordered. “Oh I don’t think so. I don’t know who you think you are, but you will not order around MY league!” Shigaraki yelled, making Dream sigh. Shit.

“Kurogiri, we’re leaving. We got what we came for, and some more. Goodbye heroes!~” Shigaraki drew out, though Dream didn’t bother to listen to the rest of it. He was the first to go through the portal. As the other villains slowly walked out of the portal, Dream couldn’t stop the snicker from leaving his lips when Shigaraki revealed the kids had managed to snatch Tokoyami from mister Compress before leaving. Served him right, bossy fucker. At least Wilbur had been captured, that was all that mattered. He could work with the less ideal circumstances he found himself in if it meant he could get what he needed.

I took it as a taunt

Chapter Summary

Wilbur wakes up in a bar he doesn't remember entering

Chapter Notes

an early update today since I had to get up early and am making it everybody's problem

another shorter chapter since it fits with the pacing I have in mind lol

again thanks for all the support I really appreciate it!!

The first thing Wilbur felt when he woke up was pain. His head was pounding, and his throat felt like he had swallowed glass. A rough cough raked through his body as he blinked open his eyes. The dim lighting of the room he was in wasn't too rough on his eyes, though it didn't help his headache much. He didn't recognise his surroundings, but did see a few familiar faces. Shigaraki was sitting at the bar across the room, the portal head guy standing on the other side wiping a glass. Bakugou was already wide awake, and had been yelling at the villains. His grumbling must have been what woke Wilbur up.

"Oh, look who's finally decided to join the land of the living again." Dream's voice drawled out, immediately making Wilbur wish he hadn't woken up. Turning his head to get a better look at the masked man, he frowned when he spotted a familiar face hovering behind Dream. He recognised the male from the botched resurrection, though he swore the teen's eyes had been red and green back then. Now, they were a glowing almost nether portal shade of purple. His skin was split perfectly down the middle, half of it matching that of an enderman while the other half looked almost like a ghastr but with more bumps. The male was tall, taller than Wilbur, but his features were soft enough to tell that he wasn't above eighteen. Why was this kid here?

"What, no witty remark back?" Dream laughed, taking a step closer to where Wilbur was seated. He tried to move back, but realised his arms were tied down. Shit. "Well excuse me, I just woke up. Getting knocked out does quite a number on my funny bone." He muttered, glaring at the stupid smiley mask in front of him.

"Maybe I shouldn't have expected you to be as quick witted as before, after all dying does tend to change a man, doesn't it Wilbur?" He cocked his head to the side, his words a clear taunt. He was trying to make Wilbur squirm, holding his past over his head as a threat. One

wrong move and everybody in the room would know what he had done to end up here. “Being away from the sadistic prick who tried to use you for his own gain also changes a man, but you wouldn’t know about that now would you?” Wilbur wasn’t going to let Dream believe he had the upper hand over him. He wasn’t scared of Dream; Whatever Dream let slip about his past, he would deal with. The main goal was to get out of here alive.

Dream didn’t seem to appreciate that comment, and paused for a moment. He was trying to calm himself, Wilbur realised. The masked man had always been a bit too emotional to be a smooth talker, it’s why he wore the mask in the first place. He had no grip over his emotions beyond his words. It made reading him rather easy for Wilbur; His body language told him all he needed to know. “Y’know, when I saw the fire, I half expected Sappan to show up, but I didn’t see him anywhere. Usually he went wherever you went, same with George. Did the iconic Dreamteam finally split up? Did they finally realise you were using them?” Wilbur knew how to play Dream, knew which words would make the man too upset to think rationally.

“Watch it.” His words hit their target, Dream’s fist clenching for just a moment as he straightened out his shoulders. “Oh shit really? I was just guessing mate, that’s rough. At least you’ve got a new friend here. Would be kind of sad if the most powerful man on the server had no friends left, right?” Wilbur chuckled, a wave of satisfaction filling him as Dream flinched. “He is your friend, right?” He pressed on, having found Dream’s weak spot. Dream didn’t answer, but the empty look on the teenager’s face told Wilbur all he needed to know; The kid wasn’t here willingly.

“I’ve had enough of you two! When I recruited you, you promised you’d make a good addition to the League but so far you’ve only acted like a lonewolf, and I’m tired of it!” Shigaraki cut in, storming over to the masked man. “You better start talking, or I will kill you.” He warned, hands reaching towards Dream. “I told you I could get you Phatheon. I got him, didn’t I? I have some... unresolved business with him that I need to take care of. I’ll take him off of your hands. He doesn’t belong here. He needs to go home.” Dream explained, his voice a forced calm tone.

“Not happening, try again. Phatheon is staying right here.” Shigaraki shook his head, a smile on his lips. “I think he’d make a wonderful addition to the crew, just like Bakugo. He gets us, partially. He just needs to have some sense knocked into him.” That clearly wasn’t what Dream had wanted to hear, but by the way his shoulders relaxed Wilbur already knew he wasn’t going to like what the man was going to say next.

“Oh Wilbur would make a wonderful villain! I’ve seen him in action. Watched him destroy a nation from the inside out.” Dream sounded so nonchalant about it. Wilbur wanted to punch the man. “Shut the fuck up. That’s not the full story and you know it.” He snapped, tugging on the ropes keeping him down. “No, no please continue, I’d love to hear this story.” Shigaraki was grinning, and Wilbur felt his stomach spin. Looking over at Bakugou, he could see the confusion on the boy’s face. This wasn’t good.

“Well, you see, Wilbur and I aren’t from around here. Back home, Wilbur used to run a nation called L’manberg. During the elections, he didn’t get re-elected, and got exiled. Instead of taking his loss like an adult, Wilbur over here decided to start an anti-government

movement called Pogtopia. When Pogtopia managed to take over L'manberg again, Wilbur decided he didn't ever want to lose what was his again, and decided to blow it all up. A lot of people died that day." Dream was leaving out crucial details, but Wilbur knew he was doing that for a reason. He was trying to paint Wilbur even worse than he already was.

"Schlatt was a dictator who abused his power. He hurt L'manberg more than I could have ever done! L'manberg was meant to be a peaceful haven for those mistreated by the Greater Dream SMP, mistreated by you, mistreated in general. When I realised the thing I built that nation for didn't exist anymore, I couldn't let it keep on hurting people. I thought... I thought I did the right thing." Wilbur softly admitted with a sigh. "I was wrong, and I hurt a lot of people. I get that now. In the moment, I was too obsessed with getting rid of the big bad to realise that the only evil on the server was actually me. Well, maybe not the only, Schlatt was a bastard too and you Dream were also a prick and still are, but you get my point."

A silence fell over the room, making Wilbur scoff. "What, didn't expect that to be the truth? I told you on multiple occasions I have experience with being so convinced you're doing the right thing that you'd die for it. I never hid it." He shrugged a bit. Dream's posture radiated cockiness, whatever plan he had had clearly working. Wilbur glared at the man. "What are you smirking for, asshole? You are no better than me. You ordered and helped Erret to execute me and three teenagers. Child murder is probably some form of warcrime." Dream's fist clenched again, making Wilbur grin.

There was a knock at the door, interrupting their conversation. Somebody went to get the door, and from there things happened a bit too fast for Wilbur to process. One second, he's glaring at Dream's ugly mask, the next there's pro heroes storming into the room. In his dazed state, he didn't notice he was getting pulled into a portal until it was too late. He went from sitting in a poorly lit bar to standing out in the middle of a wrecked building outside. A hand grabbed ahold of his shoulder, making him flinch as he looked up to whoever was holding onto him.

He came face to face with a man who was insanely tall. His face looked like it had melted, his eyes all scarred over. A strange device rested around his throat with tubes going into his skin. He wore a suit, which was maybe the most normal he had seen any villain dress so far. The man chuckled, mouth curling into a smirk as he 'looked' down at Wilbur. "It's good to finally get to meet you, Phatheon. I have heard a lot about you. I think we'll get along just fine."

Less black and white, more grey

Chapter Summary

Wilbur has a chat with All For One

Chapter Notes

The double update saga continues lets goo

Again thank you for all the support <3

“You’ve heard of me? Only good things, I hope.” Wilbur kept his voice light, not wanting to give away just how terrified he was. He had no idea who this man was, nor did he have any clue where he was. Things had really gone from bad to the worst. The man laughed, pacing around with a certain air of confidence surrounding him. Wilbur knew it was a trick, to walk around while talking to somebody to make sure all of their attention is on you. It usually meant there was something around here that Wilbur wasn’t supposed to see, but he couldn’t figure out what that was just yet.

“Apparently, you are what we would call a dimension traveller. You come from an alternative timeline, without quirks.” The man drew out, making Wilbur frown. Had Dream told the man? Why? Who was this guy anyways? “But, I need not tell you about your own past. They call me All For One.” The villain introduced himself. His name rang a bell somewhere in the back of Wilbur’s brain, but he couldn’t quite place it. “Like One For All? Isn’t that All Might’s quirk?” Wilbur was quick to put two and two together, making the man grin.

“All Might got his quirk because of me. I won’t bore you with the details, but in short everything All Might stands for is because of me. He exists because of me, and I will be the one to end him.” All For One sounded eerily similar to Dream there for a moment, giving Wilbur the chills. “What happens after he’s gone?” He asked, gazing off into the distance. He swore he saw a flash of green and red in the distance, but wrote it off as his fuzzy vision playing tricks on him.

“I’ll have won, and I can rest easy. No one will be able to fill the hole left behind when All Might finally dies. Tomura will be able to take over.” The man sounded like he genuinely believed his words, making Wilbur humm. “I think anyone can be what All Might is. That’s why I don’t think killing him will matter in the end. All Might dies, people are sad for a while, then a new hero steps up to the plate and things go back to how they used to be. Everybody here is so convinced that All Might is the root of all hero related issues, but he’s

just a guy who played the system right and got away with it.” Wilbur mused, eyes landing on the area where All For Ones’ eyes should be.

“You aren’t from this world, you could never fully understand my plans.” All For One didn’t sound upset about it, more so sounding like a parent gently correcting their child. “Probably, yeah, because it sucks. You’re mad at society and are taking it out on one guy! It’s not his fault! And I don’t know the whole story about his quirk and yours and to be honest, I don’t really care. You two can fight it out in the parking lot for all I care. I just don’t want innocent people to get dragged into your shit. Fight your own battles without involving children, without causing trouble for actually struggling people, without senseless killing. Don’t you see how fucked your plans are?!” Wilbur snapped, hands itching for the last piece of TNT in his inventory.

“It all doesn’t matter in the grand scheme, child. A few deaths don’t matter when the world will finally be free of fake heroes like All Might.” All For One had his hands in his pockets, shoulders leaned back in an almost relaxed manner. It almost looked like he was talking to an old friend more so than an enemy. He didn’t see Wilbur as a threat, which Wilbur could take advantage of if he got the chance. “Why do you get to decide who lives or dies?” Wilbur questioned, tilting his head a bit. “When I asked Shigaraki that question, he told me it was because he was the only one who saw the bigger picture. I’m guessing he learnt that answer from you. But, what makes you the only one who can see this picture? Because when I think about the grand scheme of things, I come to the conclusion that it’s not as black and white as good or bad, villain or hero. Both heroes and villains are able to do unspeakable evils, a title doesn’t change the fact that at the core they’re just humans and humans are flawed. How do you make the jump to all heroes deserve to die?”

All For One was silent for a moment, gazing glued to something in the distance Wilbur couldn’t see. The man had stopped his pacing, his once relaxed posture a bit more tense. A chuckle fell from his lips as he shook his head. “I can see now why Tomura likes you, you have a fire within you. But, as you said, this is not your fight, it is between All Might and I. You have your own battles to fight. I will give you one advice though; Do not interfere more than you already have. You have already been quite the thorn in our side, and I’d hate to have to kill you mister Soot. I won’t ask you to join us, I understand that your young mind isn’t ready to see my cause yet, but if you ever do change your mind, you will always be welcome. Tomura’s league could use a brain like yours.” All For One folded his arms behind his back, taking a step back as if he was expecting something.

A series of those dark purple portals opened up around them, the villains who had been in the bar earlier stepping out one by one. Bakugo was dragged through one of the portals by a scarred guy, the teen snarling and yelling as he was pulled along. It was good to see the kid’s resolve hadn’t broken yet. Dream was one of the last ones to step through, along with the tall teenager who trailed after him like a lost puppy. Taking a better look at the teen, Wilbur came to the conclusion there wasn’t a singular thought bouncing behind those eyes. Whatever Dream had done to him, the kid clearly wasn’t in control of himself. He wanted to say it surprised him Dream had stooped that low, but that would have been a lie.

Shigaraki spoke to All For One for a moment, though they soon got interrupted by a group of pro heroes arriving at the scene. The area was soon filled with a blur of action, villains and

heroes fighting each other like their lives depended on it, which at this point, it probably did. Wilbur tried to get to Bakugo, but Dream stopped him. Netherite met diamond as Wilbur managed to block a hit just in time. He tightened his jaw, glaring at the mask taunting him.

An arrow whizzed through the air, managing to hit Dream's shoulder. Wilbur blinked, taking a few quick steps away from the masked man. He looked around, spotting a familiar purple hoodie up on top of one of the nearby buildings. A few more arrows shot through the air, giving Wilbur some cover so he could get out of there without anybody interfering. He was about to head to Bakugo, when the teen suddenly flew through the air with... was that Midoriya? Kirishima? Yaoyorozu?! What the hell were they doing here? Once he got out of here, he was going to kill them for trying to give him more grey hairs than he already had.

Wilbur didn't have much time to wonder why his students hated him like that, since another netherite axe tried to slash open his neck. This time it belonged to the purple eyed teen. "I don't know who you are, but I know that this isn't you! C'mon, you gotta wake up man! I saw you, back with Phil! You tried to revive me! You looked so worried!" Wilbur was just spewing whatever thoughts came to his mind in an attempt to startle the kid back to reality. It seemed to work, the teen hesitating for just a moment. While it wasn't long enough for Wilbur to get too far away from him, it was enough time for Karl to send an arrow straight through the teen's knee. With a quick apology, Wilbur broke into a sprint.

Using a few blocks to tower up, he managed to get up on top of the building Karl had been on. It was far enough from the scene that they probably wouldn't get caught in any of the fighting happening below them. By the time he reached Karl, he was slightly out of breath. "You are so lucky I was nearby, this fight is honkers man!" Karl exclaimed, his bow disappearing into his inventory. "You really saved my ass back there, thank you. I think I would have died for a fourth time if you hadn't shot that green bastard." Wilbur murmured, idly running his hand over his old wound.

"I heard all the commotion and decided to check it out. Imagine my surprise when I see you down there along with Dream! And even Ranboo is here! What happened man?" Karl asked, crouching down to get a better look at the scene unfolding below them. Wilbur assumed the teenager who had almost killed him a second ago must have been Ranboo. "It's a long story. I'll tell you later. For now, let's go back to my house. All Might is a good hero, but he causes a lot of property damage and I'd rather not be crushed under this building." Wilbur murmured. Karl nodded, letting Wilbur take the lead. The ex-president of L'manberg and the leader of the young nation of Kinoko Kingdom headed to Wilbur's house together, unaware of the mask watching them leave the scene.

A much needed catch-up

Chapter Summary

Wilbur and Karl make their way home

Chapter Notes

DO I HEAR TRIPLE UPDATE POG?

anyways did yall see the MCC team announcements? I'm So Excited (even though mcc will happen during my exam weeks meaning fuck my sleep schedule lmao)

again thanks for all the support <3

“You’re back already?” Haru asked as Wilbur threw open the door, Karl awkwardly hovering around the door for a moment. “Yep, got kidnapped, didn’t have a great time, so I’m taking Friend and going to the roof.” Wilbur murmured, scooping the cat up into his arms before motioning for Karl to follow him. Haru looked a bit confused, his confusion growing even more when Karl shot him a shy wave before rushing after Wilbur up the stairs. “Wait what do you mean kidnapped-?”

“Who was that?” Karl asked once they were up on the roof, Wilbur plopping down near the edge of the flat roof. “Haru, he took care of my cat while I was gone. He’s a good kid, just a bit down on his luck.” He explained as he ran his fingers through Friend’s fur, some stress finally leaving his body as the cat started to purr. Karl sat criss cross applesauce style across from Wilbur, looking between the streets below them and the cat in Wilbur’s lap. “I think this is the part where you explain what the honk just happened.” He murmured, making Wilbur sigh. “Where do I even start man?”

He told Karl the basics of what had happened, leaving out some parts that Karl didn’t need to know, like the details of his relationship with 1A in general. He went over how he had woken up here after dying, how he had quickly figured out this wasn’t the Dream SMP and had tried to start anew here. How he had ended up accidentally joining the League of Villains for an afternoon, before joining the UA staff and becoming a pro hero. How he had run into Shigaraki in the mall, how the camp had turned into a shitshow, how he had run into Dream... It took him a while to go over everything that had happened, and once he was all done an awkward silence fell between them.

"I... Don't know what to say... That's crazy man." Karl said after a while, fiddling with his hands a bit as he met Wilbur's gaze. "Well, if it makes you feel any better, the SMP hasn't been doing much better. Last thing I heard, Tommy was exiled, L'manberg got blown up again and this weird egg thing has been sprouting up all around the server." He rubbed the back of his neck, a sheepish smile on his lips as if he hadn't just dropped a bomb on Wilbur. "Tommy got exiled again? L'manberg got blown up? What, who... it thought they'd finally understand L'manberg was a bad idea when I blew it up! They didn't let it die with me?!" He exclaimed, causing Friend to whine in his lap from the sudden movements he was making.

"Woah, calm down there bud, I'm just the messenger!" Karl raised his hands in a sign of innocence, Wilbur forcing himself to relax a bit. "I heard from George Tommy got exiled for burning down his house. Nobody was allowed to visit him except for Dream." That made no sense, and Wilbur voiced his confusion. "Tommy got exiled for... starting a fire? By the man who let Sapnap burn down the entire forest around L'manberg on multiple occasions? The Dream SMP is known for how often shit gets burnt down, why make it a crime now?" Karl shrugged, not knowing the answer either.

"Apparently it was Tubbo who exiled him. Don't know the details though. Anyways, after a while Tommy came back, right? And Dream claimed Tommy had blown up the community house, so he as revenge said he was going to blow up L'manberg, which he did. With, get this, Technoblade and Philza! They had withers and everything! Sapnap fought alongside L'manberg, since Dream kind of ditched him." Karl rambled a bit, and Wilbur struggled to keep up.

"Sapnap fought with L'manberg? Doesn't he... hate us? I vaguely remember me telling Fundy to go yell 'Fuck Twelve' at him during the early stages of the war. Can't imagine he appreciated that." Wilbur questioned, making Karl shrug. "I guess he hates Dream more now. He left the Greater SMP altogether, and joined George and me in Kinoko Kingdom. Pokimane is technically our first citizen besides them, but y'know she's busy and stuff so she isn't around much." That was surprising to Wilbur. The Dreamteam had officially split up? When he had asked Dream about it, he had only been joking, but it actually happened?

"I've barely been dead for seven months and there's already a new nation, Tommy got exiled and L'manberg got blown up again? Jesus, I forgot how fucking nuts that server is. Like, don't get me wrong, the Dream SMP was my home, the one place I felt like I mattered, but looking back on it, man things were crazy there." Wilbur admitted, looking down at the cat in his lap. "This server is crazy in its own right, but... I feel like I can actually take an easy day here without risking dying every five seconds. There were moments I was scared to even leave Pogtopia in fear of Schlatt's men sniping me down the second I made it to the surface."

"That's... not healthy." Karl murmured, a concerned frown passing over his features. This time it was Wilbur's turn to shrug. "I didn't have time to worry about what was healthy or not, I had a hostile takeover to plan. Besides, it's in the past now. I'm over it." Wilbur was very much lying, but Karl didn't need to know that. Neither of them spoke for a minute, both processing the new information they had been given.

"So, what do we do now?" Karl asked, picking at the bright blue nailpolish slowly flaking from his nails. "Well, that's the thousand dollar question, innit?" Wilbur chuckled, watching

the sun slowly start to rise in the distance. “We’ll go to UA tomorrow. I’ll introduce you to Nezu, he might know what we should do. Plus, I sort of work there, so I’m supposed to go there anyways. Though I doubt they’ll make the kids come to school after a villain attack. Seems a bit fucked up to make them show up after that, especially since a student was kidnapped.” Wilbur mused, making Karl hum in agreement.

“Yeah, I think I saw that kid! He was saved by a bunch of other kids, right?” He asked, Wilbur loudly sighing. “Don’t get me started on that, those kids are going to get themselves fucking killed at this rate. This is the second time they went after a villain on their own accord. Twice have they almost died because of their own stupidity. I’m going to go grey before these kids ever reach their final year here!” He complained, running a hand through his greasy brown and grey curls. “You sound like you care about them.” Karl pointed out with a small smile. Wilbur didn’t bother to deny the claim, instead just nodding a bit as he looked at Friend.

“I think it’s because they remind me of the others, y’know? I tried to be the best mentor slash brother slash father for everybody in L’manberg, but I failed them pretty horribly. These kids haven’t been ruined yet. I can see the fire I saw in Tommy’s eyes in their eyes, can see Tubbo’s genuine curiosity and love for the world in their smiles when they figure something out on their own, can hear Fundy’s mischievous giggles whenever they mess around with each other... They’re the future, and I’m grateful I get to be a part of shaping them. I messed up a lot in the past, and there’s no way I’ll ever fully make up for it, but I’ll be damned if I don’t at least try.” Wilbur stared at the sunrise, hoping the sight of the orange sky would keep his eyes from watering.

“I think you’re doing an alright job, if that matters at all.” Karl softly added, a bright grin on his lips when Wilbur looked back at him. His smile was contagious, Wilbur unable to stop the corners of his lips from curling up. “I appreciate it, thanks Karl.” He whispered. For a while, they just watched the sky and its changing colours. “I think Big Q and Sapnap would like this server.” Karl’s voice was so soft, Wilbur barely caught it. “They would. How are things between you three? Weren’t you three up to something? I vaguely remember hearing about it before y’know...” Wilbur asked, just trying to make smalltalk.

“Things are... Complicated, let’s keep it at that. Between Sap and I things are great, we started a nation together, we’re hanging out a lot! But Quackity is a different case. I haven’t spoken to him in... months, at this point. He kind of went off the grid for a while. George ran into him a while ago, and apparently he was a bit off? I don’t know, it’s all so complicated. With Dream, the egg, Kinoko... It’s a lot to handle. I didn’t think running a nation could be so hard, but... I get it now.” Karl sheepishly chuckled, picking at his nails once again. Wilbur understood exactly what Karl meant; Starting a new nation sounded fun and excited until you were up every night trying to figure things out. It wasn’t all sunshines and rainbows.

Moving Right Along

Chapter Summary

Nezu is introduced to Karl, and they discuss the future

Chapter Notes

Eyo its ya boi again on that daily update streak

thank you again for all the support <3 this fic was meant as a little passion project and the reception of it has been overwhelmingly positive and I really appreciate it :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

UA was oddly quiet as Wilbur and Karl made their way towards Nezu's office, not a student in sight. Classes were cancelled for the rest of the week for all students, meaning there were only teachers present in the building at the moment. While the silence was a nice change of pace from the usual chaos that was teenagers screaming in the halls, it felt unnatural for the halls to be so empty. Wilbur felt a shiver run up his spine as he walked, pulling his coat a little bit closer around himself.

Nezu was as cheerful as ever as he let the two men into his office, shoving a teapot into Wilbur's hands before he could even finish his greeting. "I'm glad to see you're alive! I was starting to wonder whether my predictions were off. Now, who is this you've brought along?" Nezu asked, stirring his own tea as he looked between Karl and Wilbur. "I'm sorry that getting kidnapped took longer than you expected, I'll make sure to speed it up a bit next time. This is Karl, he's from the Dream SMP." He explained, his tone having no real bite to it as he poured Karl and himself a cup of tea.

"Oh? Another dimension traveller?" Nezu asked, curiosity glimmering in his eyes. Karl hesitantly nodded a bit. "Yeah, it's nice to meet you. I like your world so far. It's cool." He murmured, fingers running along the rim of his teacup. "He's not the only one either. Remember that Dream guy I told you about? The green bastard? Yeah, he's here too. Brought a friend too!" Wilbur let out a wry chuckle, running a hand down his face. "They're working with the League, and they now all know what I did. Well, they know Dream's version of what happened, which is of course not the truth but try telling that to a bunch of villains who hate your guts." He sighed.

"A villain from your universe crossed over to ours... That is quite troubling indeed." Nezu mused, taking a slow sip from his cup. "I will see what local law enforcements know about

him, if he's been spotted before the Kamino Ward Incident, but I do not expect to find any answers there. We will have to wait and see what the League does next I'm afraid. UA can't do much against the League at the moment, there is too much media scrutiny on us." He murmured. Wilbur didn't fully understand, but nodded anyways. Nezu knew what he was doing.

"On the topic of media scrutiny, I have a new offer for you. UA is going to start housing students on campus as a means to up the security in and around the school. We have had too many incidents, and people are starting to doubt our ability to keep our students safe. I hope this will help people gain back some trust in the UA staff, and also for the students to feel safer on school grounds." Nezu explained, meeting Wilbur's confused gaze with a calm smile. "We need teachers willing to live in the dorms with the students to keep the peace. I offered Aizawa the position, but he denied it. So, I would like you to do it. It would make it easier to keep an eye on you too in case this Dream villain does try to attack you at home. Here you'll have other pros to back you up."

Wilbur blinked, slowly processing what he had been offered. Nezu seemed to take his contemplation for hesitation, as he hurried to continue. "Of course, you will get your own space within the dorm complex where you will be staying. Karl, you can stay here too, since I doubt you have a place of residence at the moment." Karl sheepishly nodded, admitting he'd been so focused on getting to Wilbur before Dream that he hadn't really bothered to set up camp anywhere yet. "I'll do it, as long as I can bring my cat." Wilbur grinned, meeting Nezu's playful smile with a teasing smile of his own.

-X-X-X-

It took Wilbur about two days to move his stuff to the newly built dorm complex, most of the time spent handling the logistics of the move. He left his old place (Which he was squatting in, by the way, he never knew people actually had to pay rent until Nezu asked him how much he paid per month and had to admit he sort of... didn't) to Haru, asking him to keep his door open for anybody who might need it. With Friend perched on his shoulder like Phil's crows used to do, Wilbur stepped out of his house for the last time. He admired the building for a moment, eyes tracing over the cracks and tears littering the front of the building. Wilbur didn't think of himself as a materialistic man, but now as he said goodbye to the house that had been his home for the past eight months, he couldn't help but feel a slight bit sad about leaving.

The dorm complex was nothing too special, looking much like the main UA building; It was very angular and blue, though it looked significantly more... dead, in a way. Wilbur supposed that would change once all the students were moved in; The empty hallways would soon enough become lined with random crap people left behind, dents in the walls from stunts gone wrong and mystery stains on the carpet nobody could figure out how they had gotten there. It was all just a matter of time he supposed.

Friend made herself at home within no time, sprawling across one of the couches in the shared living space like she had been living here for years. Wilbur let her be, instead heading to his own room. His room was on the ground floor along with Karl's, while the students' rooms started at the second floor. There was a kitchen area, a dinning area and a living room

esque area on the ground floor that were meant for everybody, while there was also a separate lounging area specifically for the two teachers near their rooms for when they wanted some privacy.

Karl's room was right across from Wilbur's, the man having stuck some drawings Wilbur didn't recognise to his door. When he offhandedly asked the man about it, Karl mentioned them being drawings of his adventures across universes. "So you've done this a lot then? Going to new universes and shit?" Wilbur asked, taking a closer look at them. Karl nodded, a soft smile on his lips. "Yeah, you could say that. I can't really control it, if that makes sense. I get thrown into a random universe every so often, before getting dropped back in the Dream SMP. I was so honking scared when it happened for the first time." He admitted with a chuckle, though by the look on his face Wilbur could tell he didn't find it very funny.

"I can imagine, as someone who also went through it. Can't imagine having it happen multiple times though, even less it happening at random without a trigger. My jump had a clear trigger, but yours... That sounds hard." Wilbur mused, looking back at the other man. "It's what it is I guess, I just try to do my best to leave a positive effect on the worlds I get to visit." With that, Karl excused himself, disappearing into his room. Wilbur didn't see much of him for the rest of the day.

Wilbur's room was nothing special, just the bare necessities. Nezu had supplied him with some raw crafting materials, so Wilbur had crafted most of the items in his room like his bed and the chest in the corner himself. He had some of Friend's supplies laying around, her toys spread out all across his floor since he couldn't be bothered to clean them up. His old coat hung in an item frame above the chest, bottom of the fabric almost touching the lid of the wooden structure. It was a bit messy, but it did the trick. He doubted he would be spending much time here anyways.

-X-X-X-

Nezu had decided that it was a good idea for 1A's own teachers to go out and talk to the students' parents about moving into the dorms. While Wilbur was still recovering from getting kidnapped again, he still joined All Might and Eraserhead on their quest to sweet talk some parents into allowing their kids to move out, mostly because he had nothing better to do. Laying in bed for hours on end staring at the ceiling just wasn't doing it for him. He needed something to do, and this was perfect. Wilbur had always been a smooth talker, so he doubted it could be that hard to get all twenty students' parents' permission.

Oh how wrong he had been. They had split up, Aizawa taking half of the students and All might taking the other half while Wilbur tagged along with All Might per Eraserhead's request. Wilbur wasn't stoked to spend the entire day with the one hero he had a bone to pick with, but managed to keep his annoyance under wraps. Also apparently All Might now had two forms? Because the skinny twig standing next to him right now was definitely not the All Might Wilbur had seen smack Midoriya out of the air like a fly. He didn't ask about it, assuming it was probably public knowledge he had just missed. The first two stops went pretty well, the parents agreeing without much convincing needed. The third stop was Midoriya's, and things went downhill there.

It started off well enough, with some friendly chatting between All Might and Midoriya's mother while Wilbur sent Midoriya a look he hoped conveyed how absolutely dumb the teen had been during the Kamino incident but he was glad the kid had gotten out unscathed. "I'm glad you're okay Mister Soot! We were all really worried about you and Kacchan..." Midoriya smiled, and Wilbur couldn't stay mad at that smile. He sighed softly, reaching over to ruffle the boy's hair. "Not the first time I've been kidnapped, you kids shouldn't have worried. I'm a pro, I can handle myself." He chuckled.

As All Might explained to Midoriya's mother why they were stopping by, the mood turned sour. Midoriya's mother didn't trust UA to keep her son safe, which Wilbur could understand; So far, they hadn't been doing a great job. All Might was about to defend UA's reputation, but Wilbur butted in. "UA has failed your son on multiple occasions indeed, but right now, the safest place for him to be is at UA. I don't doubt that you think that it would be safer for him to quit the course while he still can, but that's not how it works. Midoriya has the heart of a hero, and I think if he wasn't in UA, he might have ended up a vigilante. What I'm trying to say is that if you take Midoriya out of the course he won't stop putting himself in danger. He'll just be doing it without backup, without the proper training, without any resources that could possibly save his life." Wilbur kept his voice steady and controlled, though he did cast a quick side eye at Midoriya when he mentioned how danger prone the student was.

"We will do everything in our power to keep him safe, I can promise you that, miss Midoriya. I'd happily give my life for him." And it wasn't a lie either; Wilbur would probably die for almost every student in 1A. That seemed to be enough to convince the woman, who left the room with Midoriya for a moment to have a family discussion. "I think you handled that well, Soot." All Might smiled at him, but Wilbur didn't really care about the man's opinion if he was honest. "Flattery isn't going to make up for what happened, All Might."

-X-X-X-

In the end, not a single student from 1A wasn't allowed to move into the dorms, which was great. They were all set to move in on the same day, though most of their personal belongings had already been placed in their rooms beforehand. Aizawa had come up with the floorplan of who was getting which room, and Wilbur was more than happy to let the man deal with that logistic nightmare. Instead, Wilbur was tasked with making sure the right items ended up in the right rooms and that the kitchen was stocked.

The day the students arrived, Wilbur, Karl and Aizawa waited outside to welcome them. Their homeroom teacher went over the basic rules of the dorm, which Wilbur tuned out after a few seconds of listening to the man list of basic rules that if the students broke would get them expelled. When Eraserhead was done with his part of the introduction, it was Wilbur's turn to speak. "I'll be your dorm supervisor along with Karl. If you have any issues relating to your dorms or anything like that, you can come to us. At least one of us will probably be present in the dorms at all times, so don't be afraid to come find us okay?"

"Oh, that's Karl, by the way. He's... My assistant, yeah. Nezu came up with it, not quite sure about it myself either." Wilbur lied through his teeth as he motioned towards Karl, who flashed a smile and a wave at the students. "Be nice to him, alright? Now, I think Eraserhead has some announcements regarding your lesson plans leftover. While you go over that, Karl

and I will start on making lunch. It's getting late anyways." Wilbur grinned, ignoring the glare Aizawa sent him as he dragged Karl inside.

Chapter End Notes

As we slowly draw near the end of this fic, what would yall like to see next?

I have some options lol:

- Character studies on underappreciated members of the smp
- Avengers/MHA crossover
- Dsmpt Alice in Wonderland au
- side stories to this fic
- Dsmpt Umbrella Academy crossover
- Umbrella Academy Avengers crossover

Survivors

Chapter Summary

Wilbur and Bakugo have a heart to heart

Chapter Notes

Double chapter a day streak broken purely because I realised my quality of writing dropped during the last few chapters and I want these next few to actually be good lol

again thank you for all the support!!

Also we officially have fanart of this fic now which makes me feel so incredibly honoured man <3

<https://glitchycats.tumblr.com/post/651193817115099136>

If you do make fanart, please comment a link so I can see it and can link it in the notes <3

“Can we talk?” Bakugo spoke up, arms crossed across his chest as he entered the kitchen where Wilbur had been washing the dishes. Looking up from the sink, Wilbur watched the boy for a second before rinsing off his hands and drying them on a towel. “Sure mate, let’s head to the teacher’s living area.” He nodded a few times as he showed Bakugo the way. Neither of them spoke as they walked, an uneasy silence resting between them. Wilbur idly wondered if Bakugo had told anyone what had happened during his kidnapping or if he had omitted the part where Wilbur was revealed to be a terrorist.

“That stuff that mask wearing freak said, that was real right? You didn’t say he was wrong, just that he didn’t know the full story. You blew up a country?” Bakugo asked once they were alone, red eyes burning holes into the back of Wilbur’s skull. Turning to look down at the boy, Wilbur softly hummed as he considered Bakugo’s question. “I did, but it’s more... complicated, than that. Have a seat, I think I owe you the full story.” Bakugo knew too much to lie to, plus at this point the boy deserved to know the truth. Making up some bullshit excuse as to why he went along with Dream’s lies wouldn’t help him much.

“I’m not from around here. I come from a different dimension, one without quirks. No heroes, no villains, just normal people without any fancy powers. I can’t really explain all the differences because there’s just too much. But, that doesn’t matter anyways. Like Dream said, I started a nation, L’manberg. It was my pride and joy, it gave me a purpose. Things went to

shit real quick, and I did some things I regret. A lot of things, actually. I was kind of an asshole during that era of my life, if I'm honest." Wilbur explained pacing around as he spoke to keep himself from slipping into his own mind again.

"I had my reasons for doing what I did, however wrong they turned out to be. I was a villain, the bad guy, a wrongung if you will. I wasn't much different back then than Shigaraki is now, except I had more experience with leading a movement. I knew how to be a convincing leader, knew how to twist my words just right to get people dedicated to my cause, and knew how to play my opponents. Dream has always been three steps ahead of everybody around him, and I failed to realise he was taking advantage of my delusion of grandiose. I should've seen it, shouldn't have trusted that bastard, but I was too far gone." He sighed, briefly stopping his pacing to give Friend a few pets. Her soft fur helped to calm his shaking hands.

Bakugo was silently watching him pace as he explained his story, eyebrows furrowed in his classic scowl. His mouth opened as if he was going to say something, but he visibly hesitated for a moment. "You were a real bastard before coming here. At first I didn't get why you were with the League at the USJ, but I get it now. Why did you not end up going through with it? I saw the TNT, you weren't bluffing. You could've taken out the entire building, and looked damn close to doing it too." He questioned, piercing red eyes meeting Wilbur's dull brown ones.

"I initially only joined because it was something to do, I'll be honest. This server- world, pardon, is boring as hell compared to where I come from. No random acts of arson, no casual stealing, no big wars every other day... It's boring! So, when some random guy showed up on my roof with an offer to cause some chaos, I was all game." Wilbur admitted with a chuckle, shrugging a bit as he started to pace again. "I wasn't told we were attacking children. The second I realised you guys were kids, I couldn't let them hurt you. Maybe it's selfish, but all I could think about was the kids I let get hurt in the past, and I couldn't bear to let it happen again. So, I planted the TNT with the intention of scaring off Shigaraki. There was a moment I indeed planned to actually set it off, but that was just a brief second. It was mostly to create leverage."

"What did you do to those kids you mentioned?" Bakugou asked, Wilbur's jaw tensing for a minute. He took a deep breath, memories of the Pit and the festival flashing through before his eyes. "I got them all killed multiple times. Our world works with a three lives system. You get three lives, meaning you can die two times before your next death is permanent. Due to my actions, Fundy was left with two left, and Tubbo and Tommy both have one. I did a lot to hurt them, like pitting Tommy against Techno just because I was bored and wanted some entertainment. I watched them execute Tubbo, and didn't step in. I could've, I just decided not to." His throat felt tight as he admitted to some of his sins, hands ghosting over the healed wound on his chest. "I lied to my father, Phil, told him I was doing just great. Told him he didn't have to worry about me. When he finally dropped by to see my new nation in person, he watched me blow it up and I begged him to take my final life." Wilbur let out a broken chuckle. "It's all a bit heavy, innit? I'm sorry about that."

"That's a fucked up thing to do." Bakugou grumbled, Wilbur nodding in agreement. "Yep. If I could go back and change it, trust me I would." He murmured, looking down at his blue fingers. "But that was old you. Yeah you're definitely an asshole still in your own right, I

don't think you're the same villain you were when you did that shit. You wouldn't be here if you were." Bakugou's sharp gaze met Wilbur's, glaring at him like he had personally wronged him. "Doesn't make up for the fact you threatened to fucking shoot me though, lanky bastard." The kid smirked, and Wilbur grinned right back as he pulled his bow from his inventory. "Watch it explosion boy, I can and will hunt you for sport if you keep acting like a prick."

-X-X-X-

The next week's classes were mostly spent training for the provincial hero license exams, with the main focus being developing ultimate moves. Wilbur helped out wherever he could, but again fighting wasn't his specialty. He did figure out more aspects of his 'quirk', which in short meant he realised that things like water bucket clutches weren't a thing on this server to normal people. He could do them just fine, but when he showed Midoriya how to do it once the teen had spent the next five minutes theorizing how his quirk allowed him to do that. That was also when Wilbur decided not to show things off to Midoriya anymore.

And now, the day had finally arrived. The students and teachers were all crammed together in the bus, the trio of teachers desperately trying to get the kids to calm down. All the chattering and yelling in the bus was starting to give Wilbur a headache, and by the looks of it Aizawa shared that sentiment. Karl didn't look all too bothered, but that was too be expected considering he was friends with the most chaotic people on the Dream SMP. Sapnap, big Q and George weren't known for being quiet guys. On the contrary, they were as feral as it gets. Wilbur wondered if Karl felt more at home in the chaos for this reason, but didn't ask since he didn't want to ruin Karl's mood.

They weren't the first class to arrive at the building where the exam would take place, a few other classes already scattered around the area. Some students approached 1A, though Wilbur didn't pay much attention to their conversations. It was probably weird to eavesdrop on students anyways. A woman approached the trio of teachers, a grin on her features as she tried to hug Aizawa. The man slid right under her arms, activating his quirk on her for a reason Wilbur didn't know. She didn't seem like much of a threat, nor did she look like she was out for an actual attack on the man.

"Joke." Aizawa grumbled, glaring at the woman without blinking. "Eraserhead! It's been so long I've seen you, my future husband, come here-!" The woman laughed, still trying to hug the man. Within the blink of an eye, Aizawa's capture weapon was wrapped around the woman to keep her in place. "I'm not your future anything. Behave yourself." He said, briefly looking back at the other two teachers just watching the exchange. "I didn't know they allowed firstyears to take the license exam, but then again you do have quite the exceptional class don't you Eraser? They've been through two villain attacks!" Joke exclaimed as Aizawa let her go since she had finally given up on trying to hug him.

"Yeah, they've been through a lot. That's why we're here, so they can have a provisional license just in case something happens again." Aizawa explained, making Joke nod a bit. "I see... Oh, who are these two fine looking gentlemen Eraser? I thought you worked alone since you're all edgy and cool like that?" She asked with a chuckle, drawing a laugh from Wilbur. "That's Soot and Jacobs, they're my... assistant teachers, on Nezu's orders." Aizawa

introduced them with a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. Karl enthusiastically waved at the woman, a polite smile on his lips.

“It’s nice to meet you, Ms. Joke. As Eraserhead said, I’m Wilbur Soot, hero name Phattheon.” Wilbur offered her a hand, which she gladly shook. “I’m Emi Fukukado, but you can call me Ms. Joke! Now, we should head inside before our chatting results in our students being late for the exam!” Aizawa nodded in agreement, the four teachers herding their students inside before heading up to the observation deck. They sat together, calmly chatting as they waited for the exam to start.

Fights

Chapter Summary

The licensing exam

Chapter Notes

ello everybody, its ya boi yeet3ms again lol

updates are going to be slower from here on out as my exams start tomorrow, though it shouldn't be too bad as there is only about two or three chapters left anyways :)

Thank you all for the support again I appreciate it a lot <3!!

For the plans after this fic, so far I've decided to go with side stories + another crossover fic, though I'm still figuring out what universes I'm using. Once this fic ends, the plan is to have side stories start up pretty much immediately, but after that I'm taking a short break to focus on an original project :)

It was clear from the moment the exam started that 1A was at a disadvantage compared to the rest of the participants; It seemed like almost everybody had seen the sports festival, meaning most knew what kind of quirks the 1A students had, while 1A didn't know anything about who they were up against. Apparently Aizawa had known his students wouldn't have it easy during the exam, based on the way he responded to Ms. Joke asking him whether he had warned his students or not. Wilbur didn't really understand why Aizawa didn't tell them, it would have probably made them train harder if anything. Claiming that just because on the field others might know your strengths beforehand he shouldn't have to warn them was shit in Wilbur's opinion.

The premise of the exam was pretty simple; Every student got three sensors they had to place somewhere visible on their body. The goal was to hit these sensors with one of the small red balls handed out along with the sensors. Only a hundred students would make it to the next part of the exam, and to be amongst those hundred the students would have to eliminate two other participants. If all three targets of a player were hit, they were defeated. It reminded Wilbur somewhat of parkour tag, a game he had played a few rounds of in one of the MCC tournaments.

Due to the large number of participants, it was kind of hard to follow who was doing what and where exactly, so Wilbur spent most of the first round zoning out. Ms. Joke and

Eraserhead provided steady commentary in the background, discussing what they were seeing and their concerns with certain students. As much as Wilbur knew he should be paying attention, he just couldn't. It was announced that the hundred students who were moving on to the final part of the exam were chosen, and Wilbur was relieved to find all 1A students had managed to pass.

The final part of the exam was supposed to resemble a disaster situation, and it was up to the students to save the 'civilians' (they were apparently trained actors) from the fake city that was currently in ruins. It was a good exercise in Wilbur's opinion. They even had Gang Orca, a ranked pro hero, pose as a villain with some of his sidekicks. With a lot less people participating, it was a bit easier to follow along this time around. There were a few students who clearly struggled, though most seemed to be doing pretty well.

Todoroki was not necessarily struggling due to his own actions, but was locked in some kind of argument with another participant Wilbur didn't recognise. The two kept yelling orders at each other, ignoring what the other was saying which resulted in them hindering the both of them. They were both getting frustrated, which was only worsening their situation. It almost reminded Wilbur a bit of himself and Tommy, back when things in Pogtopia weren't going great. There had been countless times they had behaved just like Todoroki and the mystery person were doing right now, and seeing it from a third person's perspective made him realise how much of a prick he had been to Tommy back then. Maybe one day he would get to apologize.

Bakugou on the other hand was failing purely because of his own doing; Apparently he had told some of the actors to save themselves, which had resulted in his points getting docked by quite a lot. His assessment of their injuries had been correct, they could indeed have gotten out of there mostly on their own, but the way he phrased it wasn't really heroic. Wilbur did not agree with the fact that it caused him to fail the exam however, since being comforting wasn't really a hero's job. It was their job to keep people safe, nothing more nothing less.

In the end, all of 1A safe for Bakugou and Todoroki passed the exam, meaning they all got a provisional hero license. Wilbur didn't really know what that meant, but the students seemed really stoked about it so he assumed it was pretty sweet. He congratulated them as they made their way back to the bus, intently listening along to some of the students recounting what had happened during the exam. Hearing it from the people who had actually been there made the entire scene a bit less hard to follow, though Wilbur was sure there were probably a ton of things he had missed. He never had been great at analysing on such a grand scale, it's why he respected the MCC admins so much; They had to keep up with forty players at all times. He didn't envy their position.

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Back at the dorms, Wilbur was ready to turn in for the night when he heard footsteps in the hallway. It was late already, the sun having set a long time ago. Who in their right mind was going out at this hour? Sliding on his coat against the chilly breeze of night, he headed outside. Instead of stopping the student like a responsible teacher, Wilbur tailed him. It turned out to be Midoriya who was sneaking out, which was a bit surprising. The greenette didn't really look like the sneaking out type, but then again he did commit multiple acts of vigilante-ism in the past few weeks.

He was just curious where the kid was going, since it seemed like he was determined to get to wherever he needed to go going off of the stern frown on his features. Wilbur ended up following him to one of the training cities, where Bakugou was waiting for Midoriya. Scaling up onto one of the fire escapes of a nearby building, Wilbur crouched down and tried to eavesdrop. Something was going on here, and it smelt fishy to him.

Wilbur couldn't hear the entirety of the conversation, but he heard enough to know he needed to step in. Bakugou had called Midoriya here to confront him about where he got his quirk from. Apparently, he got it from All Might, which made Wilbur think back to what All For One had said during their brief talk. Quirks were transmittable? That was news to him. But, that wasn't the issue at hand. Bakugou was challenging Midoriya to a fight to settle the score, to prove who was the better hero. It was there that Wilbur decided to cut in. He couldn't let them fight.

"What in the fuck do you two think you're doing here at ass o'clock in the morning?" Wilbur drew out, jumping down from the platform he had been watching them from. Bakugou snarled at him to mind his business, but Wilbur wasn't having that. "This is my business. I'm supposed to be make sure you kids don't do anything stupid, and by the looks of it, this seems pretty stupid." He reached over to flick Bakugou's forehead, ignoring the explosions coming from the boy's hands.

"Now, I just so happened to overhear your conversation- don't pull that face, you can't expect people not to hear your secrets when you're screaming them at each other- and I have to say, this is not what I expected to find out on a school night, but I digress. Bakugou, just because you were born with a strong quirk unlike Midoriya does not make you stronger, nor does it make you weaker. You need to stop comparing yourself to him, your quirks aren't in the same category. You are both very different heroes, therefore there is no clear weaker one, so stop trying to find one. The only thing you're doing is driving yourself crazy." Wilbur lectured, crossing his arms across his chest.

"Midoriya, you need to stop humouring Bakugou's actions. You can't keep letting yourself get hurt because of him. That's self destructive and I won't stand for it. Stop excusing his actions just because he's 'Kacchan' and he has a lot of potential as a hero you don't want to ruin. You need to grow some backbone, man! Why would you agree to meet up with him, when you know he hates you and has made it clear he won't hesitate to attack you if the opportunity arises?" Wilbur wasn't going to let Midoriya get off easy either, the teen had just as much blame in this situation as Bakugo.

"I get it, you're teenagers, your egos are all very fragile and you feel inferior to everybody around you and feel like you have to prove something, but that's just because you're a teenager!" Wilbur exclaimed, before sighing as he looked at the two defeated looking teenagers. "You don't have to prove yourself, not to me, not to All Might, and certainly not to each other." He softened his tone a bit, the scolding part of his lecture being done with. It would only add insult to injury if he kept berating them, it was much more beneficial to work out their issues instead.

"Bakugou, did you want to ask Midoriya about his quirk because of the exam? Because you were disappointed you failed and he didn't?" Wilbur asked, meeting the teen's red eyes

before the boy quickly looked away. “I don’t care about the exam, I know I deserved to pass and that they were just bastards. I just wanted answers.” He murmured, but it sounded like a lie to Wilbur. “Why know though?” He pressed on, which seemed to finally make the boy cave.

“Because I caused All Might’s end! If I hadn’t gotten kidnapped, he wouldn’t have gotten so injured! I ruined All Might, and now he has passed his quirk onto Deku, the one person I also tried to ruin!” Bakugo’s voice cracked, unshed tears glistening in his eyes. That... wasn’t what Wilbur had expected, to be honest. Midoriya looked just as surprised, staring at Bakugou for a moment. “Kacchan, you didn’t...” He started, but Bakugou cut him off. “I did! You saw what happened!”

“By that logic, I was also the cause of All Might’s retirement; I was kidnapped too, afterall.” Wilbur butted in, meeting Bakugou’s confused expression with a small smile of his own. “If him going after the League is what you’re blaming yourself for, you should blame me too. But you’re not doing that, because if you did you would’ve brought that up earlier.” He grinned as he poked through Bakugou’s own self hatred, pointing out its flaws to make Bakugou realise he had no reason to blame himself for something like this. “You were in the wrong place at the wrong time, it wasn’t your fault. You were a victim, Bakugou. You are not the villain your mind is telling you you are. Trust me, it takes one to know one.”

Hero-Work Studies

Chapter Summary

As the hero-work studies start, some trouble arises

Chapter Notes

I AM BACK- for now lol

still in the middle of my exams but wanted to update this fic since I enjoy it a lot

Thank you for all the support and apologies for the long wait between last chapter and this one <3

Also as some might have noticed, this series officially has a title now! Crossing new servers is the official title of this fic, the planned side stories and another crossover fic which will be set in the same universe DSMP wise ;) If that all sounds a bit confusing, it'll become clear in due time I hope :)

The next few weeks passed by in a blur, not much interesting happening in Wilbur's opinion. 1A was introduced to the Big Three, which were the three top students of UA. They were an interesting trio, all wildly different yet still seeming pretty close friends. Mirio was a kid with a heart of gold who was a bit of an airhead at times but in general seemed like he would make a good hero. Amajiki could use some of Mirio's confidence, but the sheer strength of his quirk more than made up for this. Nejire had an incredibly strong quirk, and from what Wilbur had seen was highly intelligent too. She somewhat reminded him of Midoriya, rambling just as much as the younger greenette whenever given the opportunity. They joined 1A for a few training sessions, though Wilbur didn't get to interact with them much from the sidelines.

Things got a bit more interesting when the Hero-Work Studies started up. These studies were much like the internships the students had done earlier in the year, except these would last longer than the weeklong internships they had done before. In one of the meetings discussing these Studies, most teachers voted against allowing 1A to participate due to the large amount of villain attacks the class had faced. Wilbur had been one of the few teachers in favour, not really seeing how it could harm the students to be around other pro-heroes. It could only help them become stronger, plus it was probably safer with actual pro-heroes than at the dorms with two dimension hoppers who accidentally got the title of heroes.

In the end, it was decided that 1A would be allowed to participate, but they would only be allowed to intern at agencies with strong reputations. Wilbur found this bullshit, but wisely didn't speak up. At least with these rules some of the students would get to intern instead of none of them. Small victories, right? So far, the students who had gotten signed for an internship already were Asui, Uraraka, Tokoyami, Kirishima and Midoriya. Wilbur didn't recognise any of the agencies they were going to be working at, but Aizawa cleared them so they were probably good.

Now, the work studies themselves weren't all too interesting to Wilbur, but when he got a call from Aizawa to come down for a meeting with almost all of the agencies their students were interning under, his interest was surely piqued. He was told to bring Karl too, which made it all the more confusing. Aizawa knew Karl didn't have a license, meaning this probably wasn't all hero-work related. Wilbur's mind was already starting to jump to conclusions as they entered the meeting room.

They were clearly late, though they had only been notified of the meeting about ten minutes ago so it wasn't truly their fault. There were a lot of heroes scattered around the table, all decked out in their neon hero costumes. Wilbur still didn't understand why people would wear clothes like that out in the field, but had given up on that battle a while ago by now. Wilbur flashed the table an apologetic smile, shooting them a mock-salute.

"Sorry we're late lads, we got the call a bit late." Wilbur chuckled, blinking a bit at the tense atmosphere in the room. A sigh came from a few chairs over, Aizawa making himself known. "Soot, Jacobs, I wouldn't have called you if we weren't desperate. The case we're working on might be connected to your masked villain, and we need info on the guy." He explained, running a hand over his stubble. "Dream? I thought he was more the lone wolf kind of guy, though I guess he did work with the League..." Karl piped up, Wilbur humming in agreement. "Yeah, I don't think... Eraserhead, what kind of case are you working on? Must be pretty big considering the size of this taskforce. I didn't even see this many heroes when the League kidnapped us, so this must be world ending."

"Who the hell are you two? Eraserhead, why the hell are you asking civilians to help out?" A dark skinned man in a bright green and yellow spandex suit exclaimed, drawing a chuckle from Wilbur. "Not a civilian mate, and if you're really dealing with Dream here you'll need our help or you're fucked." Wilbur pointed out with a grin, briefly holding up his still shiny hero license. The man seemed taken aback by that information, but Wilbur didn't have time to show off to a stranger. "We don't have time for chit chat though, start talking Eraser."

Aizawa didn't end up being the one to explain the situation, a man called Nighteye beating him to it. Mirio and Midoriya had been on patrol when they ran into a scared looking little girl. Turns out she was being held captive by a well known Yakuza member who went by Overhaul. They didn't manage to get her away from the man, but they did see somebody else. According to Midoriya, a certain mask wearing individual had been right behind Overhaul the whole time, watching the situation unfold from a safe distance.

"Why would Dream be working with Overhaul though? I thought he was here to kill you." Karl asked, just as stumped on what Dream's motivations were as Wilbur. "No, he wants me to go back to the SMP. The entire killing me thing was a lie, surprising I know. My best guess

is that he realised these people hold the power on this server, meaning he could benefit from working with them. Teamwork doesn't fit his MO, using people for power does. The second Overhaul has nothing to offer him anymore, he'll be out of there."

Wilbur tried his best to get in Dream's mindset, which was a dangerous thing to do considering his still frail own mental state. Dream clearly needed something from Overhaul, but what Wilbur couldn't quite figure out. From what he gathered from Nighteye's debrief about the Yakuza, they mostly dealt in drugs. Dream had no use for the drugs of this server, he had potions enough. It had to be something else. Maybe it was just his thirst for being on the winning side? From the looks of it, Overhaul clearly had the upper hand at the moment. It wouldn't be out of character for Dream to join their side just to spite Wilbur and Karl. It's why he joined Schlatt's side too after all.

"So, you're most definitely facing Dream, that much I'm sure of. I can't quite place his motive yet, but I'm sure we can figure that out in due time. I'd like to join your little squad to help you out with him. None of you have fought him before, nor do you know of the tricks he has up his sleeve. Karl and I have experience with him, we'll handle him. You focus on the kid, we'll take out that green bastard once and for all." Wilbur grinned, a rush of excitement flooding his system at the thought of finally making Dream pay for all the pain he had caused Wilbur and his family. From killing Tommy and taking his discs to leaving Fundy at the altar, he was going to pay for all of it, Wilbur would make sure of it.

Starting The Show

Chapter Summary

Operation get Eri and kick the masked bastard's ass is a go

Chapter Notes

eyo its ya boi again

exams have been kicking my ass but I'm back with a new chapter!

Oh and, we're almost done ;) Better get ready bois

Nighteye practically cornered Wilbur after the meeting, a sharp frown on the tall man's features as he crossed his arms. Honestly, Wilbur should have expected this. He let too much slip during the meeting, it was only natural some people had questions about it. The problem was that Wilbur wasn't necessarily interested in answering useless questions. It didn't matter where Dream came from, at least not to the pros. The only thing that mattered was how to get him the hell out of here. Killing him was their safest bet, it didn't matter whether that was the morally right thing to do or not.

"You know a lot about this villain for a pro hero who only got his license a few months ago." Nighteye commented, the raise of his eyebrow giving away his suspicion. Wilbur hummed, finding no point in denying the claim. "Villains don't always go after heroes. Sometimes us normal folks get mixed up in things we shouldn't be, and things spiral from there. Dream is a dangerous individual I got myself mixed up with, though it wasn't really accidental. How and why I did what I did, doesn't matter to you. What matters is that I'm here to help." Wilbur showed the man an almost smug grin, both of them knowing that one wrong move from Nighteye could result in the entire mission failing due to Wilbur withdrawing from the team, leaving them without any knowledge of Dream.

"I overheard some of your conversation with your associate and I can't help but wonder why this villain would be interested in taking you... somewhere? I forget the name you said." Nighteye chose his words carefully, to the great pleasure of Wilbur. Watching the man tiptoe around what he wanted to ask was amusing. "Dream and I have unfinished business. I will handle him when the time comes. You focus on saving the girl your interns seem rather attached to already, I'll deal with our dear masked villain." Wilbur waved off the man's concerns. He started to walk, not in the mood for more questions. "I'll see you on the field,

until then try not to overthink it too much, alright mate?” With a mock-salute, Wilbur left the building.

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The building didn't look like it held an evil villain organisation, but then again the League of Villains had been hiding in a dingy bar that didn't look like much either. Appearances could be deceiving, and Wilbur knew better than to let himself get comfortable on a mission. The plan was simple, they had a warrant to search the property meaning they could just bust in and search the area for the kid. Apparently there was a large underground area underneath the plain looking building where Eri would most likely be hidden away. They had all been given a map of the area along with the quickest way to get to where they thought Eri was being held, along with a list of names and quirks of people who worked for Overhaul.

Wilbur had only spared the list a brief look since it wouldn't be of much use to him. He was only here to take on Dream in case he showed up, and otherwise was mostly told to stay out of the way. Karl wasn't much of a fighter, and therefore wasn't joining the team of pros. This was also partially since he didn't have an actual license meaning it was probably very illegal for him to join the mission. He did promise to keep a close eye on his communicator, meaning Wilbur could reach him if things went very south and he needed backup.

A pro hero with a shapeshifting esque quirk ended up kicking off the operation, busting through the gates of the building like it was nothing. Getting inside the courtyard was the easy part, fighting off the hordes of Yakuza members waiting for them was a bit harder. In the mess of action, Wilbur stuck close to Sir Nighteye, who guided part of the original team inside while the rest held off the Yakuza members. The halls of the facility felt cold and sterile, giving Wilbur the creeps. It vaguely reminded him of this server's hospitals, how they were always so white and unsettling.

The walls were bad when they were just normal walls, but when they started to move Wilbur decided he absolutely hated them. Just watching them contort into twisted shapes made his stomach turn, memories of hole in the wall making him want to cringe. Who in their right mind decided that walls should be moveable? A horrible, terrible decision really.

Turns out the walls were being molded into a blockade, which was a sign they were on the right path. Busting through the wall was pretty easy considering they had quite a lot of heroes with physically strong quirks. The problem here was that the walls kept moving, and in the end some of their group got cut off from the rest. Wilbur was one of the ones who got split off, finding himself falling through a hole in the floor he was one hundred percent certain wasn't there before. He watched the hole close as he fell to the floor, managing to snatch his water bucket from his hotbar before he took any damage.

He found himself in a dimly lit room with multiple doors that he couldn't quite tell where they went. Oh, and he wasn't alone. No, in the centre of the room stood a certain masked individual with a glistening purple axe in his hands. Wilbur was quick to pull out his own diamond axe, even though he knew against netherite he didn't make much of a chance. Dream let out a laugh in victory as he peered at the man in front of him, cocking his head to the side.

“No hiding anymore Wilbur! No heroes, no last minutes saves, no more fucking around! You’re supposed to be dead. You don’t belong here. Here I thought I’d do you a favour, bring you back to the Dream SMP to give you one last chance, but no, you had to go and be ungrateful! I’m done playing Wilbur. Last chance. You either come with me, or I’ll kill you.” Dream declared, and by the way he shuffled his feet a bit to stand wider, Wilbur knew he was deadly serious. This was it. The final act.

Checkmate

Chapter Summary

The final act

(Mild gore and blood warning)

Chapter Notes

again apologies for the long wait, exams man

thank you for all the support <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream wasn't holding back this time around, his slashes having enough force behind them to make Wilbur stumble. The only reason Wilbur wasn't dead already was the fact that the room had started to morph again only moments after Dream had charged at him. There was an irregular pattern to how the room was morphing that Wilbur quickly picked up on, and used to his advantage. The room clearly wasn't the room whoever was morphing the walls intended to change, as every wave of motion was too random to be planned. That meant a nearby area was the main target, and this room was just collateral damage in a way.

"Just face it Wilbur! You're not a fighter! No matter what you do, I'll always win!" Dream called out, a mad cackle leaving his throat as he made another dash towards Wilbur. Their axes met with a loud crash, the wooden handle of Wilbur's axe crackling. His eyes briefly flicked to his hotbar, mentally cursing when he spotted the red bar underneath his axe. Shit. That wasn't good. "You're nothing compared to me. Words can't save you now." The porcelain mask was too close for comfort, Wilbur had to act quick if he wanted to make it out alive.

"You are nothing without me, Dream! You are obsessed with bringing me back because you realised I'm the only one that can challenge you, can stand up to you without falling for your shitty tricks!" Wilbur had to rely on the one strength he had, because fighting clearly wasn't going to save him. "You know that deep down, you aren't half as powerful as you claim, because what's power if you have to force people into accepting it? I had what you will never

have Dream, you know what it is? Legitimate power. People accepted and trusted me to lead them which was what gave me power. You've never felt that, have you?"

"Shut the fuck up." Dream hissed through gritted teeth, shoulders tensing up. Wilbur grinned. Bingo. "No, no I think you need to hear this. I heard from Karl that you got into a fight with both George and Sapnap. You lost your friends because you wanted power. You left Fundy at the altar when he was ready to betray his own nation for you, you gave Schlatt power when you knew he'd abuse it, you dragged me further down than I already was... Dream, have you ever considered that power won't make up for what you've done? Your friends won't love you again just because you 'fixed' the problems on the server. The only problem the Dream SMP had, was that we were all too caught up in our hunger for power. I had hoped blowing up L'manberg would fix it, but clearly you didn't get the memo."

Dream hesitated for just a moment, taking a step back as his hands tightened around his axe. He had always been too emotional, too easy to trip up. For a man who claimed to have cut all his emotional bonds, Dream sure did still have a lot of them. "You don't know what you're talking about. Spewing shit about power like you understand how it works. Face it, you stumbled into power. You started a nation on a whim and it worked out by accident. Don't lecture me on legitimate power when you didn't earn it either. You used Tommy, Tubbo, Fundy, hell even Erret! You used them just like I used Sapnap and George." Dream snapped back, making Wilbur hum.

"I know what I did, Dream, and I paid the price for it. I died in disgrace, just like I deserved. But, I'm not that person anymore. I'm not President Soot anymore, nor am I the man I was in Pogtopia who accepted that TNT from you. I learnt from my mistakes. You haven't learnt jack shit." Wilbur met Dream's painted on eyes with a sharp glare, jaw clenching for just a moment. Dream watched him from behind his mask for a moment, head dipping to the side as he considered something.

"Okay, if you're such a changed man, prove it. Come back to the Dream SMP, and show me how much you've changed." Dream challenged, lowering his axe. "No catch, I promise not to kill you and I won't touch a hair on the heads' of your little students here. It doesn't have to be hard Wilbur. You can go back home, start L'manberg back up, and be with your family." His voice was too sugary, too obviously trying to coax Wilbur into agreeing. "What's in it for you Dream?" He questioned, raising one of his eyebrows.

"I get my rival back, of course. Plus, it's been rather boring on the server lately. I could use the entertainment. If you end up becoming boring, I can always kill you later on." The smirk could be heard in Dream's tone, making Wilbur want to punch the man. "Boring? Pardon me,

but from what I heard you've been rather busy lately. Blowing up a nation isn't boring, I would know." Wilbur didn't trust this.

"Well, prison isn't all too interesting." Dream murmured, a slight shrug falling from his shoulders. Wilbur could imagine, but still didn't trust the offer. It was too good to come without a catch. "What about the others? Tommy, Tubbo, all of them." He asked, adjusting his grip on his axe. Dream hummed as he paced a few steps. "What about them? I don't control their actions." He was playing dumb, his tone giving him away. Wilbur scoffed. "You're a control freak, of course you can. Don't lie to me."

"Well, I can't make any promises about them. I have unfinished business with them." Dream said, cocking his head to the side a bit as he peered over at Wilbur. "My patience is running thin, Wilbur. Make your choice." Wilbur wasn't sure. He missed home, missed his family, but at the same time this server had been more welcoming to him than the Dream SMP had ever been. Wilbur had never felt more... needed and accepted then he did here. He could make a difference here, make up for what he couldn't do on the Dream SMP. Looking down at the blue axe in his hands, Wilbur made his choice.

Before Dream could react, Wilbur's axe came down against the man's neck. The blade cut clean through the exposed skin, having been angled just above where the man's netherite chestplate ended. A strangled gasp came from Dream as crumpled down, axe clattering against the tiled floor. Before Wilbur could get in his final hit, the man disappeared in a wave of purple particles. Cursing to himself, Wilbur straightened up a bit. At least Dream had to be down to one or two hearts by now.

-X-X-X-

The halls had stopped morphing, making it a lot easier to navigate them. Wilbur was going as fast as he could, rushing through the halls like a man with a plan. He had to find the rest of the team, or atleast find the girl they came here for. By following the waves of weird spikes presumably made by Overhaul's quirk Wilbur came to a large room filled with rows and rows of said spikes as far as the eye could see. In the centre of it all, stood Overhaul himself, though he had clearly gone through a few changes as he now had an extra pair of limbs. Across from him, pushed against one of the far walls of the room, stood Midoriya and Mirio, the shorter of the two cradling a small girl to his chest who Wilbur assumed was Eri.

Sir Nighteye came out of nowhere, dashing out towards the villain to buy Mirio and Midoriya some time to get away with the child. The problem was that Nighteye didn't make it far, almost instantly getting torn to shreds by multiple spikes created by the villain currently monologuing. As Midoriya rushed in to save the man from dying, Wilbur decided it was his time to step in. Approaching the villain, he pulled his trusty bow from his inventory.

"Let's dance motherfucker!" Wilbur exclaimed as he fired an arrow straight into the man's back, adrenaline flooding his system as he came face to face with Overhaul. He had to keep moving to avoid spikes, even having to use a few blocks to save him from getting impaled. In the end, he wasn't fast enough, causing one of Overhaul's spikes to go straight into his upper arm. A pain filled groan left his throat as he observed the damage, checking his hearts. Five left. He had to be careful.

Before Wilbur could object, Midoriya had interjected himself back into the fight, getting a few good blows in before getting hit himself. Two spikes had hit his legs, blood sluggishly dripping down his calves. Moving looked like it would be incredibly painful, but staying still wouldn't work out either. Midoriya seemed to be aware of this fact, debating his choices as he glared down Overhaul. Wilbur wished he could tell Midoriya to leave, to grab the kid and book it, but he knew Midoriya well enough to know that wouldn't work. The kid was too stubborn for his own good.

As Wilbur and Midoriya struggled to overcome their injuries, Overhaul apparently had been monologuing once again, though this time his words seemed to actually have had an effect, as Eri came running up right into the battlefield. The next series of events were a blur to Wilbur as he was slammed against a nearby wall by a slab of moving floor stemming from Overhaul's quirk. One second, Eri was standing across from Overhaul, the next the both of them as well as Midoriya were nowhere to be seen. Wilbur shakily got back on his feet, heavily leaning against the wall he had been slammed against moments ago. Checking his hearts again, he let out a sharp breath. Two hearts. His left arm was unusable, half of the spike still stuck in his flesh. Tearing it out would likely result in a debuff, and he couldn't use that right now.

He slowly started to make his way to the one exit left in touch, using the wall for support. He felt lightheaded, every breath feeling like it could be his last. Phantom pains haunted his chest, making his already aching body feel like it had been thrown in a bath of needles. He was cold, though he couldn't tell whether the area was actually cold or if he was just losing it. Still, he kept going, not one to give up easily. He had to get out of here, even if it was the last thing he did.

It took him two hallways to run into trouble once more, a familiar mask standing besides the tall enderman hybrid Wilbur had seen a few times by now. Dream looked bad, neck poorly bandaged. He must not have not had any potions on him, or they simply didn't work, because the Dream Wilbur knew would rather die than show a visible weakness like a visible bandage. Wilbur clutched his wounded arm, glaring at the duo standing in front of him.

"Funny to see you again, kind of hoped you had died." He grumbled, taking a step towards them. It wasn't like he could do anything to stop them; His axe was too heavy to use with one hand, and he was in no state to run. This was it, this was checkmate. "I suppose this means you win, Dream." Wilbur let out a wry laugh, though his voice cracked making it sound more like a sob than a laugh. "I thought I wouldn't be scared to die again, since I know how it felt the first time around but... You never quite get used to death, I suppose." He murmured, closing his eyes for a moment in an attempt to stay grounded. Every part of him ached, and he longed for it to stop.

"You put up a good fight I will admit Wilbur. You caught me quite off guard with that attack, didn't think you had it in you to attack somebody who had their axe lowered. Though, I should've expected dirty tricks from a man trained by the famous Blade." Dream remarked, voice sounding like he was basking in his victory. "But, this is where your story here ends. Any final words, Wilbur?" He questioned as he motioned for Ranboo to approach Wilbur. The man was probably too weak to finish the job, Wilbur reckoned, which is why he was sending in Ranboo.

"Tell Tommy and Phil that I'm sorry for what I've done to them. Tell Tubbo I'm glad he became president, no matter what past me thought of it. Tell Fundy I'm proud of him." A soft, melancholic smile rested on Wilbur's lips as he bit back a sob. This was it. His final death. No more respawning, no more waking up on new servers... He could rest now. He had played his part. His eyes fell closed, the sound of an axe being pulled from an inventory warning him of his incoming fate. In his final moments, all that went through Wilbur's head was that oh so familiar song he had written about the country he had once loved.

-X-X-X-

I heard there was a special place,

Where men could go and emancipate,

The brutality, and the tyranny of their rules,

Well this place is real you needn't fret,

With Wilbur, Tommy, Tubbo and Erret,

It's a very real and not blown up l'manberg...

My l'manberg..

“Tell them yourself, Wilbur. Your story here ends, but you're not done yet.”

-X-X-X-

A violent cough racked through Wilbur's chest as he opened his eyes, disorientation making his vision blurr. The light was too bright, eyes watering as he blinked a few times in an attempt to clear up his vision. Hands gripped as his throat, fingers running over a new scar spanning all the way around his neck. As he slowly got his bearings, memories slowly slowly started to come back to him. The blade of the axe had cut clean through his neck, he should be dead. Or was he dead? Was this where one went after death? Looking around, his brows furrowed.

The grey stone around him was familiar, and as he slowly rose from his knees, his eyes landed on a bright blue platform a few metres away from him. Approaching the area decorated with the old l'manberg flags, Wilbur came face to face with what looked like an altar. The blue blocks and brewing stands scattered around the area were so familiar, but he couldn't quite remember where he had seen them before. He reached out to brush his fingers over the button on the middle of the lapis wall, when he realised he was still wearing his hero costume, except there was now a white bandage around his left upper arm. He had... been wounded there, right? A stab of phantom pain shot through his arm as he remembered just how Overhaul had hit him.

Looking around a bit longer, he found a blue sheep with a nametag. Friend, huh. What an odd coincidence. He came across a lone chest, and hesitantly opened it. Inside was a book, addressed to... him? Before he got a chance to read it, he heard footsteps approaching. Leaving the book in the chest, he closed it back up. He hesitantly approached the edge of the blue platform, parkouring down the rubble that surrounded the area. That's when he realised where he had seen the platform before: His revival.

Sucking in a panicked breath, he cast a quick look around, eyes widening in shock. This wasn't the afterlife. This was... This was L'manberg. No, no, no this couldn't be happening, he was supposed to finally be done! He had done his part! He was finally going to rest! His hands were trembling as they clutched at the fabric of his shirt, struggling to ground himself. All he could hear were explosions and his own deranged voice begging for his father to kill him. As his knees gave out from under him, the footsteps finally came to a stop. There, right in front of him, stood a familiar boy in a red and white baseball shirt.

"Wilbur?"

"Tommy?"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for coming along for the ride <3

this is not the end, but merely the beginning of new things friends.

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